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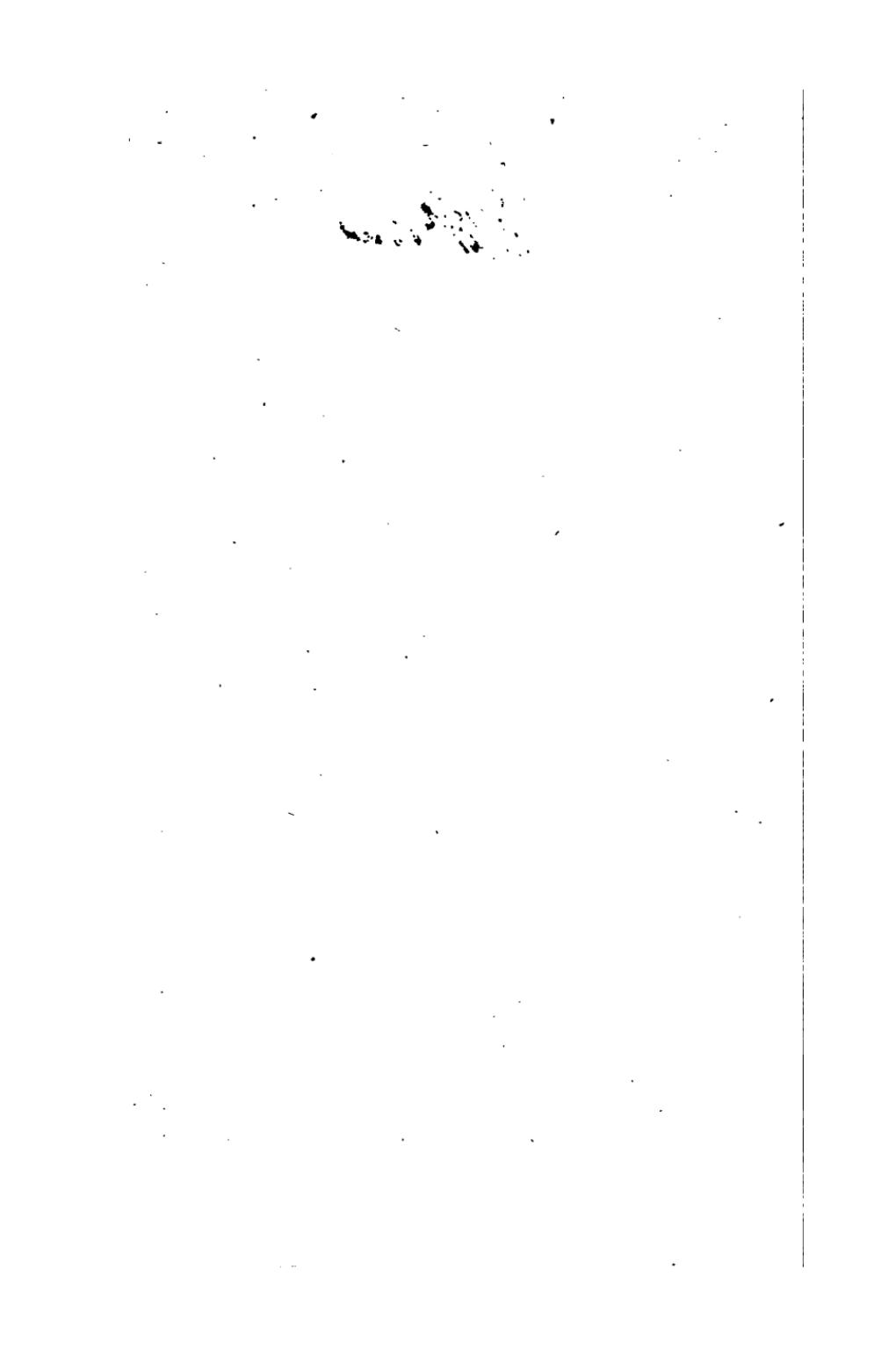




C 10 (French)

Robert Bowles

C. L. (Frost)



R E L I Q U E S

or

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY;

VOL. II,

VOL. II.

A



R E L I Q U E S
O F
A N C I E N T E N G L I S H P O E T R Y :
C O N S I S T I N G O F
Old Heroic B A L L A D S, S O N G S, and other
P I E C E S of our earlier P O E T S,
(Chiefly of the L Y R I C kind.)
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Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may
see by them how the wind sits: As take a straw and
throw it up into the air, you may see by that, which
way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up
a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion
of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

EXCERPT



A P C I E R T
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

“A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,”

—affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing

abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the Reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewe sawhich proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III, the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000l, to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WÄLINGFORD and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.—WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. very humorously alludes to some little fact, which history hath not condescended to record. Earl Richard possessed some large WATER-MILLS near Isleworth, which had been plundered and burnt by the Londoners: in these perhaps by way of defence he had lodged a party of soldiers.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced

forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th, and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigod once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner; and the á hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thriddi thoufent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,

Ant so he dude more.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Tricthen shalt thou never more.

B 2

Richard

Ver. 2. kyn. MS.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
 He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
 Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng.

14

Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
 He saisede the mulne for a castel,
 With hare-sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
 He wende that the fayles were mangonel

15

To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gedereð ys hof,
 Makede him a castel of a mulne poſt,
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boſt,
 Brohte from Alemayne mony fori goſt

20

To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche fynne,
 That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne:
 He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
 The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,

30

For love of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn, 35
 To help of Wyndesore
 Richard, thah thou be ever &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys 'fot,'
 Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
 Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot, 40
 Shulde he never more with his fot pot
 To helpe Wyndesore.
 Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 38. top. or cop.

Ver. 40. g'te here, MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Glos.

** The SERIES OF POEMS given in this volume will
 shew the gradual changes of the ENGLISH Language thro'
 a succession of FIVE HUNDRED years. This and the fore-
 going article may be considered as specimens of it in its most
 early state, almost as soon as it ceased to be SAXON. In-
 deed the annals of this kingdom are written in the Saxon
 language almost down to the end of K. Stephen's reign:
 for so far reaches the SAXON CHRONICLE: within little
 more than a century of the date of this poem.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD
THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I, died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures.—To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the POPE; with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no variation.

variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

A LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
 A stounde herkneth to my song
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
 That maketh me syke, ant forewe among ;
 Of a knyght, that wes so strong,
 Of wham God hath don ys wille ;
 Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for te knowe
 Of wham that song is, that y synges ;
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
 Zent al this world is nome con springe :
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,
 Ant in werre war ant wys,
 For him we ahte oure honden wrynges,
 Of Cristendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
 He spek ase mon that wes in care,
 " Clerkes, knyghtes, barons, he fayde,
 " Y charge ou by oure sware,

8 ANCIENT SONGS

“ That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
“ Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
“ Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
“ For he is nest to buen y-core.

“ Ich biqueth myn herte aryht,
“ That hit be write at mi devys,
“ Over the see that Hue * be diht,
“ With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
“ In werre that buen war ant wys,
“ Azein the hethene for te fyhte,
“ To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
“ Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.”

25

30

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest ‘finne,’
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
To latte the wille of ‘Edward kyng’
To wende to the holy londe :
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wyfle,
To wenden in to the holy londe
Towynnen us heveriche blisse.

35

40

The messager to the pope com,
And seyde that oure kyng wes ded :
Ys oun hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte wes ful gret :

The

* This is probably the name of some person, who was to preside over
this business. Ver. 33. sunne. MS. Ver. 35. kyng Edward. MS.
Ver. 43: ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

A N D B A L L A D S.

9

The Pope him self the lettre redde,
Ant spec a word of gret honour.
“ Alas ! he seid, is Edward ded ?
“ Of Cristendome he ber the flour.”

45

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he speke na more ;
Ant after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge :
Gret deal me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

50

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnete,
Ther me con the soule blesse :
“ Kyng Edward honoured thou be :
“ God love thi sone come after the,
“ Bringe to ende that thou haft bygonne,
“ The holy crois y-mad of tre,
“ So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

60

“ Jerusalem, thou haft i-lore
“ The flour of al chivalrie
“ Now kyng Edward liveth na more :
“ Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !

2

“ He

Ver. 55. Me, i. e. M. n. so in Robert of Gloucester p. 111.

10 ANCIENT SONGS

“ He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
 “ Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde ;
 “ Wel! longe we mowe clepē and crie 70
 “ Er we a such kyng han y-founde.”

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engelond al aplyht,
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then is fader, ne lasse of myht,
 To holden is pore men to ryht,
 And understande good counsail,
 Al Engelong for to wysse ant dyht ;
 Of gode knythes dark him nout fail. 75

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,
 The godnes myht y never telle,
 That with kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys ;
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.* 80
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.* 85

* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as evidently spurious, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
 Jefus us sende. Amen.

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which bath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very naturally englisched by our honest countrymen ROUND O. Tho' so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles bath always prevailed in the dawn of literature. The ancient Greek poets had their WINGS and AXES: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU.—Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25. 1400. aged 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will sle me fodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastyly
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me fodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn &c.

12 ANCIENT SONGS

II. 1.

So hath youre beaute fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn ;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchasfed ;
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn :
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased,

4.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compasfed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterue for the peyn.

So hath youre beaute &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lens ;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
I do not fors, I speak ryght as I mene ;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene :
For ever mo * this is non other mene.
Syn I fro love escaped &c.

* Ther,

IV. THE

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTÉNHAM:

"OR, THE WOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
"OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro' the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of sir Tropas in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humourous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many fine pens, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Tournament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tiling were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular*

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Mémoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne de la Calais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and, the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the exercise of the barriers. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of the keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TURNTAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was publish'd from an ancient MS. in 1631 4to, by the rev. Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another treatise intituled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own: and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do verily beleieve," says he, that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet as our authour sayth, "It was no childrens game." And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeaſting? Would he not, throw you, have bene HANG'D FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?" It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

Without pretending to ascertain the date of this Poem, the obſoleneſs of the ſtyle ſhews it to be very ancient: It will appear from the ſameness of orthography in the above extract that

that Bedwell has generally reduced that of the poem to the standard of his own times; yet, notwithstanding this innovation, the phraseology and idiom shew it to be of an early date. The poem had in other respects suffered by the ignorance of transcribers, and therefore a few attempts are here made to restore the text, by amending some corruptions, and removing some redundancies; but lest this freedom should incur censure, the former readings are retained in the margin. A farther liberty is also taken, what is here given for the concluding line of each stanza, stood in the former edition divided as two: e.g.

“ Of them that were doughty,

“ And hardy indeed:”

but they seemed most naturally to run into one, and the frequent neglect of rhyme in the former of them seemed to prove that the author intended no such division.

OF all ‘the’ kene conquerours to carpe is our kinde;
Of fell fighting folke ‘a’ ferly we finde;
The Turnament of Tottenham have I in-minde;
It were harme such hardinesse were holden behinde.

In story as we reade,

Of Hawkin, of Harry,

Of Timkin, of Terry,

Of them that were doughty, and hardy in deed.

It befell in Tottenham on a deare day,
There was made a shurting by the highway: 10
Thither come all the men of that countray
Of Hisselton, of High-gate, and of Hakenay,

And

Ver. 1. these. P. C. *Ver. 2. ‘a’ not in P. C.*

Ver. 3. indeed. P. C.

And all the sweete swinkers :

There hopped Hawkin,

There daunced Dawkin,

There trumped Timkin, and were true drinkers.

15

‘ When ’ the day was gone, and eve-song past,
 That they should reck’n their skot, and their counts cast,
 Perkin the potter into the presse past,
 And sayd, Randill the reve, a daughter thou hast, 20
 Tibbe thy deare,
 Therefore faine weet would I,
 Whether these fellowes or I,
 Or which of all this batchelery
 Were the best worthy to wed her his fere. 25

Upstart the gadlings with their lang staves,
 And sayd, Randill the reve, lo ! the ladde raves,
 How proudly among us thy daughter he craves,
 And we are richer men then he, and more good haves,
 Of cattell, and of corne. 30
 * Then sayd Perkin, I have hight
 ‘ To Tibbe in my right
 ‘ To be ready to fight, and though he it were to morne.

Then

Ver. 17. Till. P. C. Ver. 25. in his fere. P. C.

* The latter part of this stanza seemed embarrassed and redundant, we have therefore ventured to contract it. It stood thus;

Then sayd Perkin, to Tibbe I have hight
 That I will bee alwaies ready in my right,
 With a flayle for to fight

This day feaven-night, and thought it were to morne.

The two last lines seem in part to be borrowed from the following stanzas, where they come in more properly.

Then sayd Randill the refe, 'Ever' be he waryd
 That about this carping lenger would be taryd ;
 I would not my daughter that she were miskaryd,
 But at her most worship I would she were maryd,

35

For the turnament shall beginne

This day seav'n-night,

With a flayle for to fight,

And he, that is most of might, shall brok her with winne.

40

He that bear'th him best in the turnament,
 Shall be graunted the gree, by the comon assent,
 For to winne my daughter with doughtiness of dent,
 And Copple my brood-hen, that was brought out of Kent,

And my dunned cow :

46

For no spence will I spare ;

For no cattell will I care ;

He shall have my gray mare, and my spotted sow.

There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede; 50
 Then they take their leave, and hamward they hede,
 And all the weeke after they gayed her wede,
 Till it come to the day, that they should do their dede :

They armed them in mattes ;

They set on their nowlis

55

Good blacke bowlis,

To keep their powlis from battering of batteas.

VOL. II.

C

They

They sewed hem in sheepskinnes, for they should not brest,
 And every ilke of hem a black hatt, instead of a crest,
 A basket or panyer before on their brest,
 And a flayle in their hande, for to fight preft,
 Forthe con they fare.

There was kid mickle force,
 Who shoud best fend his corfe;
 He, that had no good horse, borrowed him a mare. 65

Sich another clothing haye I not seene oft,
 When all the great company riding to the croft,
 Tibbe on a gray-mare was sette up on-loft,
 Upon a sacke-full of senvy, for she shoud fit fast,
 And led till the gappe:

Forther would she not than,
 For the loye of no man,
 Till Copple her brood-hen wer brought into her happe.

A gay girdle Tibbe had borrowed for the nonce;
 And a garland on her head full of ruell bones; 75
 And a brouch on her brest full of sapphyre stones,
 The holyroode tokening was written for the nonce;
 For no spendings they had spar'd:

When jolly Jenkin wist her thare,
 He gurd so fast his gray mare. 80
 That she let a fowkin fare at the reare-ward.

I make

Ver. 59. ilken. P. C. Ver. 65. Mares were never used in Chevalry: It was beneath the dignity of a knight to ride any thing but a stallion. V. Memoires de la Chevalerie.

Ver. 67. perhaps, tid isto. Ver. 78. would they, spake. P. C.

I make a vowe, quoth ' he, my capul' is comen of kinde ;
I shall fall ffe in the field, and I my flaile finde.

I make a vowe, quoth Hudde, I shall not leve behinde ;
May I meet with lyard or bayard the blinde, 85

I wote I shall them grieve.

I make a vowe, quoth Hawkin,

May I meete with Dawkin,

For all his rich kin, his flaile I shall him reve.

I make a vow, quoth Gregge, Tibbe thou shall see 90
Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree :

I shall skomfit hem all, for the love of thee,
In what place that I come, they shall have doubt of mee;

For I am armd at the full :

In my armes I beare wele

95

A dough-trough, and a pele,

A saddle without a pannele, with a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe, quoth Dudman, and beare me bet about,
I make a vow, they shall abyte that I finde out,

Have I twice or thrice ridden thorough the rout, 100
In what place that I come, of me they shall ha doubt,

Mine armes bene so clere ;

I beare a riddle and a rake,

Powder'd with the brenning drake;

And three cantles of a cake, in ilka corneire.

105

C 2

I make

Ver. 82: Originally it stood thus,

*I make a vowe, quoth Tibbe, copple is comen of kinde ;
but as this evidently has no connection with the lines that follow the Editor proposes the above emendations. Ver. 98. Perhaps 'I shall' go downe.*

I make a vowe, quoth Tirry, and sweare by my crede,
 Saw thou never young boy forther his body bede ;
 For when they fight fastest, and most are in drede,
 I shall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede :

Then bin mine armes best ;

110

I beare a pilch of ermin,
 Powderd with a cats skinne,
 The cheese is of perchmine, that stond'th on the creft.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and sweare by the ftra,
 While I am most merry, thou gettst her not swa ; 115
 For she is well shapen, as light as a rae,
 There is no capull in this mile before her will ga :

Shee will me not beguile ;

I dare soothly say,

Shee will be a monday

120

Fro Hisselton to Hacknay, nought other halfe mile.

I make a vow, quoth Perkin, thou carpft of cold roft ;
 I will wirke wiſſier without any boast ;
 Five of the best capulls, that are in this hoff,
 I will hem lead away by another cost ; 125
 And then laugh Tibbe,
 Wi' loo, boyes, here is hee,
 That will fight and not flee,
 For I am in my jollity ; loo foorth, Tibbe.

When

When they had their oatles made, forth can they 'he' 130
 With flaires, and harnisse, and trumps made of tre :
 There were all the bachelors of that countre ;
 They were dight in aray, as themselves would be :

 Their banner was full bright,
 Of an old rotten fell, 135
 The cheefe was a plowmell,
 And the shadow of a bell, quartered with the moone-light.

I wot it was no childrens game, when they toghither mette,
 When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bette,
 And layd on stify, for nothing would they lette, 140
 And fought ferly fast, till 'theire' horses swette ;

 And few wordes were spoken :
 There were flaires all to flatterd,
 There were shields all to clatterd,
 Bowles and dishes all to batterd, and many heads broken.

There was clenching of cart-faddles, and clattering of
 cannes, 146
 Of fell frekes in the field, broken were their fannes ;
 Offsome were the heads broken, ofsome the braine-pannes,
 And evill were they besene, ere they went thance,
 With swipping of swipples : 150
 The ladds were so weary for fought,
 That they might fight no more on-loft,
 But creped about in the croft, as they were crooked
 cripples.

Perkin was so weary, that he beganne to lowte,
Help, Hudde, I am dead in this ilk rowte : 155
An horse for forty pennys, a good and a stowte ;
That I may lightly come of mine owne owte ;
For no cost will I spare.

He starte up as a snaile,
And hent a capull by the taile, 160
And raught of Daukin his fayle, and wanne him a mare,

Perkin wan five, and Hudde wan twa :
Glad and blithe they were, that they ' had ' done sa :
They would have them to Tibbe, and present her with tha ;
The capuls were so weary, that they might not ga, 165
But still can they ' stonde.'

Alas ! quoth Hudde, my joy I leese
Mee had never then a stome of cheese,
That deare Tibbe had all these, and wist it were my sondre.

Perkin turned him about in the ilk throng, 170.
He fought freshly, for he had rest him long ;
He was ware of Tirry take Tibbe by the hond,
And would have led her away with a love-song ;
And Perkin after ran,
And off his capull he him drowe, 175
And gave him of his fayle inowe ;
Then te, he ! quoth Tibbe, and lowe, ye are a doughty man.
Thus.

Thus they tugged, and they rugged, till it wás nigh night :
 All the wives of Tottenham come to see that fight ;
 To fetch hom their husbands, that were them trougħ
 plight, 180

With wispes and kixes, that was a rich fight ;
 Her husbands home to fetch.

And some they had in armes,
 That were feeble wretches,
 And some on wheel-barowes, and some on critches. 185

They gatherd Perkin about on every side,
 And grant him there the gree, the more was his pride :
 Tib and hee, with great mirth, hamward can ride,
 And were all-night togheter, till the morrow tide ;

And to church they went : 190
 So well his needs he has sped,
 That deare Tilbe he shall wed ;
 The cheefemen that her hither lead, were of the turnament.

To the rich feast come many for the nonce :
 Some come hop-halte, and some tripping thither on the
 stones ; 195
 Some with a staffe in his hand, and some two at once ;
 Of some were the heads broken; of some the shoulderbones ;
 With sorrow come they thither :
 Wo was Hawkin ; wo was Harry :
 Wo was Tymkin ; wo was Tirry ; 200
 And so was all the company, but yet they come togheter,

At that feast were they served in rich aray ;
 Every five and five had a cokeney ;
 And so they sat in jollity all the long day :
 Tibbe at night, I trowe, had a simple aray ;
 Mickle mirth was them among ; 205
 In every corner of the house
 Was melody delicious,
 For to hear precious of six mens song.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

O W R E kynge went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and myzt of chivalry ;
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
 Wherfore Englond may calle, and cry. 5

Deo gratias :

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
 To Harflu toune with ryal aray;
 That toune he wan, and made a fray,
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

Deo gratias, &c.

Then went qvre kynge, with alle hisoste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
 He spared no drede of leste, ne most,
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
 And some were ledde in to Lundone
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save qvre kynge,
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
 Gef hym gode lyfe, and gode endyng,
 That we with merth mowe safely syng.

Deo gratias;

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the bearing afforded the ground-work to Prior's *HENRY AND EMMA*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in a more correct manner, than almost any other Poem in these volumes, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the *PROLUSIONS* 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's *Chronicle*, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the correct copy in the *Prolusions* the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book * preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various reading of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the *Prolusions* will shew where they occur. It does honour to the critical sagacity of that gentleman, that almost all his conjectural readings, are found to be the established ones of this edition. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one line that will be found in its due place.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. Mat. Prior published it in the folio edition of his poems, 1718, as then "300 years old." In making this decision he was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters

of

* This (which a learned friend supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75.

of Prior's, preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No 3777.] The Editor of the *Prolusions* thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas More's tale of THE SERJEANT &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhytmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as it very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhytmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Klodenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliteratives, and in orthography, phraseology and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,

“ Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
 “ That I may say, or I cease, thy sevnen to please;
 “ And Mary his mother, that maketh this world,
 “ And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heauen;
 “ I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
 “ That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
 “ Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

B E it ryght, or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne ;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them wele ; for never a dele
 They love a man agayne :
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr fyrf true lover than
 Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat, nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That womans fayth is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd :
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case myght be layd,
 That they love true, and continde :
 Recorde the not-browne mayde ;
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone,

Than

AND BALLADS.

29

Than betwayne us late us dyscuse
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two : we wyll also
Tell all the Payne, and fere,
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me answere ;
Wherfore, all ye, that present be
I pray you, gyve an ere.
“ I am the knyght ; I come by nyght,
As secreit as I can ;
Sayinge, Alas ! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfylle
In this wyll nat refuse ;
Trystyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr owne shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse :
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?
I pray you, tell anone ;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He.

It standeth so ; a dede is do
 Wherof gracie harme shall growte : 50
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe ;
 Or elles to fle : the one must be ;
 None other way I knewe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe ;
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hert true !
 None other dede I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 55

She.

O lorde, what is this worldys blyffe,
 That chaungeth as the moone !
 My somers day in lusty may
 Is docked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell ; Nay, nay ; 65
 We depart nat so fone :
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
 Alas ! what have ye done ?
 All my welfare to forowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 70

He.

Ver. 63. The somers. Prol.

Hs.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dysrayne :
 But, aftyrwarde, your paynes hards
 Within a day or twayne 75
 Shall sone aflare; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholdē ye ought? for, to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As hartely, as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Syg.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde, 85
 I shall be playnes to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde :
 Syth it is so, that ye wyl go,
 I wolle not leve behynde ;
 Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd
 Was to her love unkynnde :
 Make you redy', for so am I,
 Although it were anone;
 For, in my saynde, of all mankynde 90
 I love but you alone.

Hs.

Ver. 91. Shall it never. Prol. Ver. 94. Although. Prol.

32 ANCIENT SONGS

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say :
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away ; 100
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode yon to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delÿght
 No lenger make delay :
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105
 Be called an yll womān,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blamie, 110
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name :
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame ;
 In your dyfresse, and hevynesse, 115
 To part with you, the same ;
 And sure all tho, that do not so,
 True lovers are they none :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 120

HE.

Ter. 117. To shewe all. Pro'.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Notyngt to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe:
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125
 A bowe, redy to drawe;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
 Yet had I never than, 130
 That I had to the grene wode ges
 Alone, a banyfshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore:
 But love may make me, for your sake, 135
 As I have sayd before
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in store;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more: 140
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

.Hs.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145
 That men hym take and bynde;
 Without pyte, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
 What refous coude ye fynde? 150
 Forsooth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
 Were in your cunceyle than:
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght;
 No womanhede it is, indede,
 To be bolde as a knyght: 160
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save; as woman have 165
 From deth 'men' many one:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Hs.

*Ver. 150. focours. Prel. Ver. 162. and night, Camb. Copy.
 Ver. 164. To helpe ye with my myght. Prel.*

H_E.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170
 The thornie wayes, the depe valēies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne;
 And, us above, none other rose 175
 But a brake bush, or twayne:
 Which sone sholde greve you, I believe;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 180

S_HE.

Syth I have here bene partynēre
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is:
 Yet am I sure of one plesūre; 185
 And, shortely, it is this:
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardē,
 I coude nat fare amyffe.
 Without more speche, I you beseeche
 That we were sone agone; 190
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

D 2

H_E.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 Ne shetēs clene to lye betwene,
 Maden of threde and twyne ;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne. 200
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
 Sholde make you pale and wan ;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such a archére, 205
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Whare is so grete plentē :
 And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full swete to me ; 210
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see :
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 196. Neyther bere. Prol. Ver. 207. May ye nat fayle. Prol.

H_E.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me :
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne ;
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortely as ye can ;
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

220

225

S_{HE}.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede ;
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede :
 But nowe, adye ! I must ensue,
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this make ye : Now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

230

235

240

D 3

H_E.

Ver. 219, above your ere. Prol.

Ver. 220, above the kne. Prol.

Ver. 223, the same, Prol.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,

And I shall tell ye why, —

Your appetyght is to be lyght

Of love, I wele espy :

For, lykē as ye have fayed to me,

245

In lyke wyse hardly

Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,

In way of company.

It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;

And so is a womān.

250

Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede

Such wordes to say by me ;

For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,

255

Or I you loved, pardē :

And though that I of auncestry

A barons daughter be,

Yet have you proved howe I you loved,

A squier of lowe degré ;

260

And ever shall, whatso befall ;

To dy therfore anone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

260

HE.

*Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go. Prol. Ver. 253. yet
is. Camb. Copy. Perhaps not yt is. Ver. 262. dy with him. Editor's MS.*

H. B.

A barons chylde to be begylde! 265
 It were a cursed dede;
 To be felawe with an outlawe!
 Almighty God forbede!
 Yet beter were, the pore fquyere
 Alone to forest yede, 270
 Than ye sholde say another day
 That, by my cursed dede
 Ye were betrayd: Wherfore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go, 275
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S. H. E.

Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd:
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd. 280
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
 For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the not-browne mayd.
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy 285
 Sone after ye be gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

D 4

H. B.

*Ver. 278. outbrayd. Prol. Ver. 282. ye be as. Prol.
 Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. Prol.*

40 ANCIENT SONGS

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;
 For in the forest nowe 290
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you ;
 Another fayrere, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe ;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295
 With other, as I trowe :
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ;
 So wyll I, yf I can ;
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
 Alone, a banyshed man. 309

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrftode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your ;
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
 And courteys every hour ;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power :
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 ' Of them I wolde be one ;' 310
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
 Yet wolde I be that one.

H.E.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true ;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe. 315
 Be mery and glad, be ne more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rews : 320
 Be nat dismayed ; whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began ;
 I wyll nat to the grēne wode go,
 I am no banyfshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
 Than to be made a quene, 325
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure :
 But it is often fene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordēs on the splene. 330
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stèle from me, I wene :
 Than, were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
 I love but you alone.

H.E.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
 I wyll nat dysparage
 You, (God defend !) syth ye descend
 Of fo grete a lynage. 340
 Nowe undyrftande ; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a ryng,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
 As shortely as I can :
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man."

AUTHOR.

" Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable : 350
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355
 Yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone. 360

VII. A

*Ver. 340. grete lynyage. Prol. Ver. 347. Then have. Prol.
 Ver. 348. And no banyshed. Prol. V. 352. This line wanting in Prol.
 V. 355. proved—loved. Prol. lb. as loveth. Camb. V. 357. Forsooth. Prol.*

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the lively Editor of the Catal. of Noble Authors, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

The verses are preserved by ROUSSE a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: *Sum what musyng &c.* "Rossi Hist. 8vo 2 Edit. p. 213." The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, pag. 555, beginning thus,

" Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
 " And sore fighyng, All desolate.
 " Me remembryng Of my liwyng
 " My death wifhyng Bothe erly and late.
 " Infortunate Is so my fate
 " That wote ye what, Out of mesure
 " My life I hate; Thus desperate
 " In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

S U M.

S U M W H A T mufyng, and more mornyng,
 In remembryng the unstydfastnes ;
 This world being of such whelyng,
 Me contrarieng, what may I gesse ?

I fere dowtles, remediles,
 Is now to fese my wofull chaunce. 5
 Lo 'is' this traunce now in substaunce,
 * * * * * such is my dawnce.

Wyllyng to dye, me thynkys truly
 Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content: 10
 Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
 All contrary from myn entent,

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune !
 But I ne went thus to be shent, 15
 But sho hit ment, such is hur won,

Ver. 7. in this. Roffi His.
Ver. 15. went, i. e. weened.

VIII.

CUPID's ASSAULT: BY NICH. LORD VAUX.

The Reader will observe that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' almost contemporaries. Sir Nicholas (afterwards lord) Vaux was a shining ornament in the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523. See the ballad, I LOTHE THAT I DID LOVE, in the next volume.

The following piece (printed from Surrey's poems, 1559. 4to) is attributed to lord Vaux by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poefie, 1589. 4to." Take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfeit Action] the lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man other-wise of no great learning, but having berein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. WHEN CUPID SCALED, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of this ancient peer and poet see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. vol. I.

WHEN Cupide scaled fyrst the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;
The battery was of such a fort,
That I must yelde or dye therfore.

There saw I Love upon the wall,
How he is banner did display.
Alarme, alarme, he gan to cal,
And bade his souldiours kepe aray.

5

The

46 ANCIENT SONGS

The armes, the which that Cupyde bare,
Wer pearced hertes with teares besprent,
In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love, he alwaies ment.

16

There myght you see his band al drest
In colours lyke to white and blacke,
With powder and with pellets prest
To bring the fort to spoyle and facke.

17

Good-wil, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of powder he spared not
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

20

There myght you heare the cannons rore;
Eche piece discharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place wheras they toke.

And even with the trumpets sowne
The scaling ladders wer up set,
And Beauty walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

25

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under his targe;
As one the worthiest of them al,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

30

Then

A N D B A L L A D S.

47

Then pushed souldiers with their pykes,
 And halberders with handy strokes ;
 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

35

And as it is 'now' souldiers use
 When shot and powder gyns to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded for my livēs grant.

40

When Fanfy thus had made her breache,
 And Beauty entred with her bande,
 With bag and baggage, sely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beauty bad to blow retrete,
 And every souldiour to retyre,
 And Mercy 'milde' with spedē to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

45

Madame, quod I, sith that this day
 Hath served you at all assayes,
 I yelde to you without delay
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes :

50

And sith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye ;
 Nedes must you with your handy warke
 Or salve my sore, or let me die.

55

IX. Sir

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS., with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of 3 or 4 stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

OUR kyng he kept a false stewarde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one;
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene shee was a good woman,
And evermore sayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content, 10
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazare to the kyngs gate,
A lazare both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazare upon his backe, 15
And on the queenes bed him layne.

Lye

Lye still, laz̄ar, wheras thou lyest,
 Looke thou go not hence away ;
 He make thee a whole man and a sound
 In two howers of the day."

20

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
 And hyed him to our king :
 " If I might have grace, as I have space,
 " Sad tydings I could bring."

Saye on, faye on, sir Aldingar,
 Saye on the foothe to mee.
 " Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
 " And shee will have none of thee.

25

" If shee had chosen a right good knight,
 " The leffe had beene her shame ;
 " But shee hath chose her a laz̄ar man,
 " A laz̄ar both blinde and lame."

30

If this be true, sir Aldingar,
 The tydings thou tellest to me,
 Then I will make thee a riche riche knight,
 Riche both of golde and fee.

35

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee !
 Thy bodye, I sweare by the holye rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree.

40

He brought our king to the queenes chamber,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou wert a man, as thou art none, 45
Here on my sword thouft dye ;
But a payre of new gallowes shall now be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyfse,
And an angry man was hee ; 50
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see ;
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love, 55
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The leffe had been your shame :
But you have chose you a lazare man,
A lazare both blinde and lame. 60

Therfore a fyre there shall be built
And brent all shalt thou bee. —
Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now

A N D B A L L A D S.

51

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
My heart with griefe will brast.
I had thought fwevens had never beene true ;
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt a fweven on thursday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carried my crowne awaie ;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere :
And he wolde worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall. — 75

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wolde I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

E 2

" Now

“ Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therin :
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
 Thy bodye it must brenn.”

98

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
 By north and south bedeene :
 But never a champion colde shee finde,
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

95

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had ;
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
 And aye her hart was sad.

100

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
 And knelt upon her knee,
 “ Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avowe,
 And with the same me binde ;
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde.”

105

Then forth shee rode on a faire palfraye
 Oer hill and dale about :
 But never a champion colde shee finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

110

And

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
 When our good queene must dye ;
 All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
 When she found no helpe was nye.

115

All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
 And the falt teares fell from her eye :
 When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,
 She met with a tinye boye.

120

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
 All clad in mantle of golde ;
 He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,
 Then a child of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
 And what doth cause you moane ?
 The damfell scant wolde deigne a looke
 But fast she pricked on.

125

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
 And greeete thy queene from mee :
 When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
 Now helpe enoughe may bee.

130

Bid her remember what she dreamt
 In her bedd, wheras shee laye ;
 How when the grype and the grimly beast
 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

135

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
 And saved her from his clawes :
 Then bidd' the queene be merry at hart,
 For heaven will fende her cause.

140

Back then rode that faire damselle,
 And her hart it leapt for glee :
 And when she told her gracious dame
 A gladd woman was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
 No helpe appeared nye :
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
 And the teares stood in her eye.

145

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;
 And a stake was made of tree ;
 And now queene Elinore forth was led,
 A sorrowful fight to see.

150

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And three times spake on hys c
 Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
 Come forth, or shee must dye.

155

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
 No helpe appeared nye :
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queen Elinore she must dye.

160

And

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee ;
 When riſing upon a little white ſteed,
 The tinye boye they ſee.

“ Away with that ſtake, away with thoſe brands, 165
 And loſe our comelye queene :
 I am come to fight with fir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood fir Aldingar,
 But when he ſaw the chylde, 170
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
 And weened he had been beguyldē.

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
 And eyther fighte or flee ;
 I truſt that I ſhall avenge the wronge, 175
 Thoughe I am fo ſmall to ſee.

The boye pulld forth a well good ſwordē
 So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
 The firſt ſtroke ſtricken at Aldingar
 Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180

Stand up, ſtand up, thou false traitore,
 And fight upon thy feete,
 For and thou thrivest, as thou beginneſt,
 Of height wee ſhal be meete,

A priest, a priest, fayes Aldingar,
While I am a man alive.

185

A priest, a priest, fayes Aldingar,
Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene
Bot shee wolde never consent;

190

Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazare to the kings gates,
A lazare both blinde and lame:

195

I tooke the lazare upon my backe,
And on her bedd him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.

But ever alacke ! fayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well.

200

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live.

Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harry'e,
And love her as thy life,

205

For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.

Then

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,

And loosed her full sone :

Then turnd to look for the tynye boye ;

—The boye was vanisht and gone.

210

But first he had touchd the lazар man,

And stroakъ him with his hand :

The lazар under the gallowes tree

215

All whole and founde did stand.

The lazар under the gallowes tree

Was comelye, straight and tall ;

King Henrye made him his head steward

To wayte withinn his hall.

220

X.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the siddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and los of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower Jun. 11. 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit

admit no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary WILL of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of meane and servile compliance.—The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intituled “*A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called TROLLE ON AWAY.*” To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen, *Trolle on away, trolle on away.*

Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away.

When fortune loky'd the in thy face,
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;
Thy cofers with golde thou fellydyst a pace.

Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyft,
Thou lockydyst them vp where no man wyft,
Tyll in the kynges treasure suche things were myft.

Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10
Thy marchaundysē sayled over the sandes,
Thersore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrſt

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God sauē his grace !
 Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.

Synge, &c.

15

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture,
 But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.

Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
 One God, one fayth, and one Rynge catholyke, 29
 For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe theſe thre,
 But euer was full of iniquite ;
 Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.

Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
 Agaynst the churche thou baddest them ftycke,
 Whe fore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.

Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
 Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles ;
 Nor let vs praye for all chryſten ſoules.

Synge, &c.

30

Of

60 ANCIENT SONGS

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whither of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
And nowe haftē thou trodden thy shoo awrye.

35

Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose,
Wherfore al Englande doth hate the as I suppose,
Bycause thou waſt false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest haue learned thy cloth to flocke,
Upon thy grefy fullers flocke ;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

40

Synge, &c.

Yet faue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.

45

Synge, &c.

God faue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
With all hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

XI.

H A R P A L U S.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. 1574. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all the beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHILLIDA was a faire maide,
As fresh, as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the heard-man prайд
To be his paramoure.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
Aad Phillida would twist and spinne,
And thereto sing ful clere.

5

But

* First published in 1579.

62 ANCIENT SONGS

But Phillida was al. to coye,

For Harpalus to winne :

For Corin was her only joye,

Who forst her not a pinne.

10

How often woold she flowers twine?

How often garlants make

Of couslips and of culumbine?

15

And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had hawkes to lure,

And forced more the fielde :

Of lovers law he tooke no cure;

For once he was beguilde.

20

Harpalus prevayled nought,

His labour all was lost;

For he was farthest from her thought,

And yet he loved her most.

Therefore wax he both pale and leane,

And dry as clod of clay :

His fleshe it was consumed cleane ;

His colour gone away.

25

His beard it had not long be shave ;

His heare hong al unkempt :

A man most fit even for the grave,

Whom spiteful love had shent.

30

His

His eyes were red, and all forwacht;

His face besprent with teares:

It seemed unhap had him long hatcht,

35

In middes of his dispaires.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;

As one forlorne was hee;

Upon his head alwaies he ware

40

A wreath of willowe tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hill,

And he fate in the dale;

And thus with fighes and sorrows shrill,

He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! thus would he say;

45

Unhappiest under funne!

The caufe of thine unhappy day,

By love was firt begunne.

For thou wenest firt by fute to seeke

50

A tygre to make tame,

That fettes not by thy love a leeke;

But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to converte

The frost into a flame;

As for to turne a frowarde herte,

55

Whom thou fo faine wouldest frame.

Corin he liveth carelesse:
 He leapes among the leaves :
 He eates the fruites of thy redresse :
 Thou reapest, he takes the sheaves. 65

My beastes a while your foode refraine,
 And harke your herdmans founde :
 Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath flaine,
 Through girt with many a wounde.

O happie be ye, beastes wilde, 65
 That here your pasture takes :
 I see that ye be not beguilde
 Of theefe your faithful makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde :
 The bucke harde by the doe : 70
 The turtle dove is not unkinde
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme :
 The yong cowe hath the bulle :
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe 75
 Do feede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way ! that nature wrought
 Thee, Phillida, so faire :
 For I may say that I have bought
 Thy beauty all to deare. 80

What

What reason is that cruelty
 With beauty should have part?
 Or els that such great tiranny
 Should dwell in womans hart?

I se therefore to shape my deathe
 She cruelly is preft;
 To th'end that I may want my breathe:
 My dayes ben at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine eares;
 That shee may feele within her breste
 The paines of my dispaires:

Of Corin 'whoe' is careleſſe,
 That she may crave her fee:
 As I have done in greate distrefſe,
 That lovd her faithfullye.

But ſince that I ſhal die her ſlave;
 Her ſlave, and eke her thrall:
 Write you, my friendes, upon my grave
 This chaunce that is befall.

90

95

100

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
 “ By cruell love now ſlaine:
 “ Whom Phillida unjustly thus,
 “ Hath murdred with diſdaine.”

XII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poetry is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The reader will decide their respective merits. The author of this poem has one advantage over his rival, in having his name banded down to us. Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for it) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give no better account of him, than what is contained in the following elegy, writ by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century :

“ *In Dumferling, he [deatb] bath tane Broun,
“ With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.”* ”

In Ramsey's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence this distich, and the following beautiful poem are extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces, by Henryson; the one intitled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADVIS.

RObin sat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of sie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
“ O Robin rew on me.
“ I haif three luivt baith loud and still, ” 5
“ Thir towmonds twa or thre :
“ My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
“ Doubtless bot dreid I die.”

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
 Naithing of lufe I knew,
 But keip my sheip undir yon wod :
 Lo quhair they raik on raw.
 Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
 Thou Makyn to me schaw ;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude ?
 Fain wald I leir that law.

10

15

“ The law of lufe gin thou wald leir,
 “ Tak thair an A, B, C ;
 “ Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 “ Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
 “ Sae that nae danger do the deir,
 “ What dule in dern thou drie ;
 “ Press ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
 “ Be patient and privie.”

20

Robin, he answert her again,
 I wat not quhat is lufe,
 But I haif ~~marvel~~ uncertain
 Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.
 The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;
 My sheep gais hail abuve,
 Gif we sould pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

25

30

“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 “ And do all as I reid ;
 “ And thou fall haif my heart all hale, 35
 “ Eik and my maiden-heid :
 “ Sen God, he fends bute for bale,
 “ And for murning remeid,
 “ I dern with thee but give I dale,
 “ Doubtless I am but deid.” 40

Makyne, the morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45
 Frae thay begin to steir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;
 “ I luve but thee alone.” 50
 Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.
 “ Robin, in dule I am so dreft,
 “ That luve will be my bane.”
 Makyne, gae luve quhair eir ye list,
 For lemans I luid nane. 55

“ Robin,

“ Robin, I stand in sic a style,
“ I fitch and that full fair.”

Makyne, I have bene here this quyle,
At hame I wish I were.

“ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
“ Gif thou will do nae mair.”

Makyne, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,

As light as leif on tree ;

But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre he bent :

Then Makyne cried on hie,

“ Now may thou sing, for I am shent !
“ Quhat can ail luve at me ? ”

Makyne went hame withouten fail,

And weirylie could weip ;

Then Robin in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheip.

Be that some part of Makyne's ail,

Out-throw his heart could creip,
Hir fast he followt to astail,

And till her tuke gude keip.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing ;
For all my luve, it fall be thyne,
Withouten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting ;
My sheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
Will mister nae keiping.

85

“ Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
“ In jests and storys auld,
“ The man that will not when he may,
“ Sall have nocht when he wald.
“ I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
“ Be eikd their cares fae cauld,
“ That presses first with thee to play
“ Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

90

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir hand by,
To walk attowre all where :
There may nae janglers us espy,
That is in lufe contrair ;
Therein, Makyne, baith you and I
Unseen may mak repair.

100

"Robin,

A N D B A L L A D S.

71

“ Robin, that wald is now away,
 “ And quyt brocht till an end,
 “ And neir again thereto perfay,
 “ Sall it be as thou wend ;
 “ For of my pain thou made but play,
 “ I words in vain did spend ;
 “ As thou haft done fae fall I say,
 “ Murn on, I think to mend.”

105

110

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,

My heart on thee is set ;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Qahyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feil,
 Quhat grace so eir I get.
 “ Robin, with thee I will not deal ;
 “ Adieu, for this we met.”

115

120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,

Outowre the holtis hair,
 Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh ;
 Scho sang, and he sicht fair :
 Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
 In dolor and in care,
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,
 Amang the rushy gair.

125

XIII.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous all over Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his colloquy, intituled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to OUR LADY OF WALSHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness are in this one ballad distinguished by italicks.

GEntle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

“ Unto

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham
 “ The way is hard for to be gone ;
 “ And verry crooked are those pathes
 “ For you to find out all alone.”

5

“ Were the miles doubled thrise,
 And the way never soe ill,
 Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
 Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

10

“ Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
 “ Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
 “ Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
 “ For to committ so great a sinne.”

15

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldst thou say,
 If thou knewest soe much as I ;
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have well deserved for to dye.

20

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes, and sexe doe differ farr,
 I am a woman, woe is me !
 Born to greefe and irkome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill :
 And though my teares will nought avail,
 Most dearely I bewail him still.

25

He

*He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ;
Of comelye mien and shape he was,
And tenderlye bee loved mee.*

30

*When thus I saw be loved me well,
I grewe so proude his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.*

35

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As womens lookes are often soe,
He might not kisef, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

40

Thus being wearyed with delayes,
To see I pityed not his greefe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hee dyed without releefe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

45

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

50

Now,

Now, gentle herdman, aske no more,

But keepe my secretts I thee pray;

Unto the towne of Walsingham

55

Show me the right and readye way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !

“ For he must ever guide thee still :

“ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,

“ And soe, faire Pilgrim, fare thee well ! ” 60

XIV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it, as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called ACYRON, i. e. “ When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we would express ; ” he adds, “ Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth ; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length, perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraid he shoulde be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certaine rude repentance,

“ I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,

“ for [I feare me] I shall be hanged, whereat the king
“ laughed a good, not only to see the Tanners vaine
“ feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme ; and gave
“ him

76 ANCIENT SONGS

“ him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of
 “ Plumpton-parke. I AM AFFRAID,” concludes this sagacious writer, “ THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE
 “ MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME
 “ TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD,” p. 214.—The phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present, but occurs with some variation in the older poem, intitled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the former volume, p. 179, *viz.*

“ Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
 “ And Edward wer in this place,
 “ Hee shold not touch this tonne :
 “ Hee wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
 “ Therefore I besprew the soupe,
 “ That in his mouth shold come.” Pt. 2. st. 24.

The following text is selected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleian library, intitled, “ A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed at London, by John Danter, 1596.” This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; but many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (tho’ more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With Hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5
 With horne, and eke with bowe ;
 To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide, 15
And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will faye. 20

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
“ The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee.”

“ To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25
Fro the place where thou doft stand ?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand.”

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
Thou doest but jest I see : 30
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Aways

waye with a vengeance ! quoth the tanner :
 I hold thee out of thy witt :
 All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35
 And I am fasting yett.

“ Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare ;
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare.” 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine :
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45
 And send them well to priefe.
 The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare, 50
 For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,
 Might beseeeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
 “ Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55
 And standest in midds of thy goode.”

What

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,

As you ryde farre and neare ?

“ I heare no tydinges, sir, by the maffe,

But that cowehides are deare.”

60

“ Cowe hides ! cowe hides ! what things are those ?

I marvell what they bee ? ”

What thou a foole ? the tanner reply’d ;

I carry one under mee.”

What craftsman art thou, said the king,

65

I praye thee tell me, trowe.

“ I am a barker, sir, by my trade,

Nowe tell me what art thou ? ”

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,

70

That am forth of service worne ;

And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,

Thy cunninge for to learne.

Manye heaven foresead, the tanner replyde,

That thou my prentise were :

Thou woldist spend more good than I shold winne

75

By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,

If thou wilt not seeme strange :

Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,

Yet with thee I faine wold change.

80

Why

“ Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
 I will have some boot of three.”

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85
 I sweare so more I thee :
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare : 90
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wifs ;
 Aye skipping here and theare.”

What boote wilt thou have, our king reply'd ?
 Now tell me in this stound.
 “ Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye, 95
 But a noble in gold so round.”

“ Here's twentye groates of white moneye
 Sith thou will have it of mee.”
 I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
 Thou hadſt not had one pennie. 100

But ſince we two have made a change,
 A change we muſt abide,
 Although thou haſt gotten Brocke my mare,
 Thou getteſt not my cowe hide.

I will

I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105

I swaere, so mote I thet;

Thy foote cowe-hide I woldē not beare,

If thou woldē give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe hide,

That of the cow was hilt,

And threwe it upon the king's fadelle,

That was soe fayrelye gilte.

110

"Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,

"Tis time that I were gone:

When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,

115

Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge;

The tanner a f** lett fall.

Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the king,

Thy courtesye is but small.

120

When the tanner he was in the kinges fadelle,

And his foote in the stirrup was:

He marvelled greatlye in his minde,

Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125

And eke the blacke cowe-horne:

He stampt, and stared, and awaye he ranne,

As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast: 130
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye braft.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde.
" My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135
But he knewe not of thy cowe hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldft change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boote of thee." 140

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
" Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

" Here's twentye groates out of my purse; 145
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille: 150
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.
Now,

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I fawe this daye !
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155
 Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They art no thieves, the king replyde,
 I sweare, soe mote I thee :
 But they're the lords of the north countrèy,
 Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And soone before our king they came.
 And knelt downe on the grounde :
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller *, here : sayd the king, 165
 A coller he loud did crye :
 Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
 He had not beene so nigh.

A coller, a coller, the tanner, he sayd,
 I trowe it will breed sorrowe : 170
 After a coller comes a halter,
 And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

* A collar was anciently used in the ceremony of conferring knighthood.

“ Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou haft shewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare, 175
But thou shalt have a knight’s fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide." 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour, which thou hast showne:
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

xv.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

The scene of this song is the same, as in num. XIII. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting,

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrymes weed.

Now God you save, you jolly palmer !

“ Welcome, lady gay,

“ Oft have I sued to thee for love.”

—Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.

The following ballad was once very popular ; it is quoted in Fletcher's “ Knt. of the burning pestle,” Act. 2. sc. ult. and, in another old play, called, “ Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy &c.” 4to, 1618 ; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone from an ancient MS., which being imperfect was supplied by him with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

A S ye came from the holy land
Of ‘ blessed’ Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came ?

“ How should I know your true love,

5

“ That have met many a one,

“ As I came from the holy land,

“ That have both come, and gone ? ”

My love is neither white *, nor browne,

But as the heavens faire ;

10

There is none hath her form divine,

Either in earth, or ayre.

“ Suc

G 3

* sc. palz

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“ Such an one did I meet, good sir,

“ With an angelicke face ?

“ Who like a nymph, a queene appeard

15

“ Both in her gait, her grace.”

Yes : she hath cleane forsaken me,

And left me all alone ;

Who some time loved me as her life,

And called me her owne.

20

“ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,

“ And a new way doth take,

“ That some time loved thee as her life,

“ And thee her joy did make ? ”

I that loved her all my youth,

25

Growe old now as you see ;

Love liketh not the falling fruite,

Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,

50

Forgetting promise past :

He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list ;

His faith is never fast.

His ‘ fond ’ desire is fickle found,

And yieldes a trustlesse joye :

Wonne with a world of toil and care,

55

And lost ev’n with a toye.

Such

Such is the love of womankinde,
 Or Lovs faire name abusde,
 Benecathe which many vaine desires,
 And follyes are excusde.

40

‘ But true love is a lasting fire,
 ‘ Which viewles^s vestals^{*} tend,
 ‘ That burnes for ever in the soule,
 ‘ And knowes nor change, nor end.’

•••

* *sc. Angels*

XVI.

H A R D Y K N U T E.

A S C O T T I S H F R A G M E N T.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry bath generally past for ancient, it is bere thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are of modern date; and that these at least (if not its whole existence) have flowred from the pen of a lady, within this present century. The following particulars may be depended on.

G 4

One

One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt of the late sir Peter Halket of Pit-ferran in Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Braddock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last beginning with "Loud and schrill, &c." which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (now Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720.—This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the *ORPHEUS CALIDONIUS*, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy: before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

Stately stept he east the wa,
And stately stept he west,
Full sevnty zeirs he now had sene,
With skers fevin zeirs of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deidly fae.

5

Hie

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht,
 And guidly chambers fair to se,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
 His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chasf and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bluidy ficht with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir,
 Her girdle fhwad her midle gimp,
 And gowden glift her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
 Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

10

15

20

25

30

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
 Pufft up with powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 With mony a hardy knicht.

The tydingis to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

“ To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,
 Zours faes stand on the strand,
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands.”
 Bring me my steed, Mags dapple gray,
 Our gude king rafe and cryd,
 A trustier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir seyd.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
 To draw his fword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me.
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his masters arm,
 “ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
 And rid zour king frae harm.”

35

48

45

50

55

Then

A N D B A L L A D S.

91

Then reid reid grow his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do ;
He hes tane a horn as grene as glas,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

6e.

His sons in manly sport and glie,
Had past that summers morn,
Quhen low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde.
And sune they heyd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

65

70

" Late late the zefren I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age nicht weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of stryfe ;
But now that Norse dois proudly boast
Fair Scòtland to inthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
He feard to ficht or fall.

75

80

" Robin

“ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows schute sae leil,
 Mony a comely countenance
 They haif turnd to deidly pale.
 Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,
 Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
 Gainst Westmorlands fersis heir.

“ Malcom, licht of fute as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands thrie of men
 Well bred to sword and schield :
 Bring me my horse and harnisine
 My blade of mettal cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They sune had fled for feir.

“ Farewell my dame sae peirles gude,
 (And tuke hir by the hand,) 90
 Fairer to me in age zou seim,
 Than maids for bewtie famd :
 My zounigest son fall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs,
 And shut the silver bolt that keips,
 Sae fast zour painted bowirs.”

85

90

95

100

And

And first scho wet her comely cheiks, 105

And then her boddice grene,

Hir filken cords of twirtle twist,

Weil plett with silver schene ;

And apron set with mony a dice

Of neidle-wark sae rare,

Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſſ,

Saif that of Fairly fair.

110

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,

Owre hills and mony a glen,

Quhen he came to a wounded knicht

115

Making a heavy mane ;

“ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,

By treacheries false gyles ;

Witless I was that eir gaif faith

To wicked womans smyles.”

120

“ Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,

To lean on filken seat,

My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,

Quha neir kend deidly hate :

Hir self wald watch ze all the day,

125

Hir maids a deid of nicht ;

And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,

As scho stands in zour sicht.

“ Aryſe

" Aryse young knicht, and mount zour steid,
Full lowns the shynand day :

Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way."

With simyleſſ luke, and visage wan
The wounded knicht replyd,

" Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
For heir I maun abyde.

130

135

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be sweit or fair,
But sunē beneath sum draping tree,
Cauld death fall end my care."

With him nae pleiding micht prevail ;
Brave Hardyknute in to gain,
With faireſt words and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

140

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre

Lord Chattans land fae wyde ;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,

Quhen faes his courage seyd :
Of Piſtish race by mothers syde,
Quhen Piſtis ruld Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,

Quhen he ſaift Piſtish crown.

145

150

Now

Now with his fers and stalwart train,

He reicht a ryfing heicht,

Quhair braid encampit on the dale, 155

Nors menzie lay in ficht.

“ Zonder my valiant sons and fers,

Our raging revers wait

On the unconquerit Scottish swaird

To try with us their fate. 160

Mak orisons to him that faift

Our fauls upon the rude ;

Syne braify schaw zour veins ar fill'd

With Caledonian blude.”

Then farth he drew his trusty glaive,

Quhyle thousands all around

Drawn frae their sheaths glant in the sun,

And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king adoun the hill

In haft his merch he made,

Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit

Afore him stately strade.

“ Thryse welcum valziant stoup of weir,

Thy nations scheild and pryd ;

Thy king nae reason has to feir

Quhen thou art be his syde.” 175

Quhen

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrown,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie. 180
 Lang did they rage and fight full ferst,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that andle bruikd 185
 The war that luikt lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows feint but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, " Myne i'll keip,
 I wate its blaid a skore." 190
 Hast up my merry men, cryd the king,
 As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,
 With him to mense the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht 195
 A sharp unsonfie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinn'd his hand
 In midist betwene his eie. 200

" Revenge,

“ Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothisays heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpnis of my dart :”
 Then sent it throuch his syde.

Another arrow well he markd, 205
 It perfit his neck in twa,
 His hand then quat the silver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.

“ Saix bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids !”

Again with micht he drew, 210
 And gestude dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid anow flew :
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
 Lament now quene Elgreid,
 Hie dames to wail zour darling’s fall, 215
 His zouth and comely meid.

“ Take aff, take aff his costly jape,
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk

His steily harnis flynd) 220
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blude it beirs ;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Nōrſe with giant body tall,
Braid shoulder and arms strong,
Cryd, " Quhair is Hardyknute ſae fam'd,
And feird at Britains thron'e :
Thah Britons tremble at his name,
I fune fall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae sharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail."

225

That brag his stout heurt could na byde,
It lent him zouthfor nicht :
" I'm Hardyknute this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee law, as hōrſes huf'e,
My word I mean to keip."
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleed.

235

240

Norſe eue lyke gray goſchawke ſtaird wyld,
He ficht with shame and ſpyte ;
" Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtrake ?"
Then gaif his head a blow ſae fell,
It made him doon to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies uit
In courtly gyfe to loue.

245

A N D B A L L A D S.

99

Full fune he raiad his bent body,
 His bow he marvelld fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To se his stately luke,
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fac,
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

250

255

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae with luke enrag'd
 Up towards him did prance ;
 He spurd his stejd throw thickest ranks
 The hardy zouth to quell,
 Quha stude uomusit at his approach
 His furie to repell.

260

“ That schort brown shaft sae meanly trimd,
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
 But dreidfull seims the rusty poynt !”
 And loud he leuch in jeir.
 “ Aft Britons blude has dimd its shyne ;
 This poynt cut short their vaunt :”
 Syne piercd the boisteris bairded cheik,
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

265

270

H 2

Schort

400 ANTIEN T SONGS

Schort quhyle he in his sadill twang,
His stirrup was nae stay, 275
Sae feible hang his unbent knee
Sure taken he was fey :
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud ;
But Thomas luikt not as he lay
All waltering in his blude. 285

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,
On raid he north the plain ;
His scim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
Quhen Winner ay the same ;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik, 285
Coud meise saft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,
Then languid grew his lake.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain, 290
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day, 295
And schaw thair shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke qwre the schiples feis
 Befoir hir mate appears. 305
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain ;
 Thy lord lyis in the clay ;
 The valziant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a croſs
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summers day
 Fild kene waris black intent.
 Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dreid, 310
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
 Sal lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute 315
 Wan neir his stately towir.
 His towir that uſd with torches bleife
 To ſhyne fae far at nicht,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he ſichd. 320

“ Thairs nae light in my lady’s bowin,
 Thairs nae light in my haif;
 Nae blink flymes round my Fairly fife,
 Nor ward stands on my walk.
 “ Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say?” 325
 Nae answer fits their dreid!
 “ Stand-back, my sons, I’ll be ~~your~~ gyde!”
 But by they past with speid.

“ As fast I haif sped ower Scotland’s fles,”
 There ceift his brag of weir, 330
 Sair schamit to mynd oocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.
 Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
 He wist not zit with dreid;
 Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs, 335
 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



APCÆST
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A
CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could

not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as it was called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for, or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intituled LITTLE JOHN NOBODY, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII., intituled, *Every Man*; the other, called *rusty Lubentus*, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions: in the other, the poet (one R. WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement

to the Pulpit:—This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally, as in a sermon; take an instance,

“ The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,

“ As in the xxxij chapter it doth appere :

“ Be converted, O ye children, &c.”

From this play we learn, that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition,

“ The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,

“ But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,

“ They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,

“ In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.”

And in another place Hypocrify urges,

“ The worlde was never meri

“ Since chyldren were so boulde :

“ Now every boy wil be a teacher,

“ The father a foole, the chyld a preacher.”

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer’s Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this morall playe of *Every Man*. ¶ Impryncted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. ¶ In Mr. Garrick’s collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

The other is intituled, *An enterlude called Lusty Juvenus*: and is thus distinguisched at the end: Finis. quod W. Wever. Impryncted at London in Paules churche yarde, by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lyft up our harte all,
 And prayse the lordes magnifcence,
 Which hath geven the wolues a fall,
 And is become our strong defencē :
 For they thorowe a false pretens
 From Christes blonde dyd all us leade,
 Gettyng from every man his pence,
 As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our **PLAYLES** coulde get
 To kepe our houſe, and ſervauntes,

That did the freers from us fet,
 And with our ſoules played the marchauntes :
 And thus they with theyr false warantes

Of our ſweate have eafelye lyved,
 That for fatneſſe theyr belyes pantes,
 So greatlye have they us deceaneſt.

They ſpared not the fatherleſſe,
 The carefull, nor the pore wydowe ;

They wolde have ſomewhat more or leſſe,
 If it above the ground did growe :
 But now we husbandmen do knowe

Al their ſubteltye, and their false caſte ;
 For the lorde hath them overthrewē.
 With his ſwete word now at the laſte.

DOCTOR

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
 Haft usurped kynges powers,
 As having power over realmes and townes,
 Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres :
 Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
 Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse ; 30
 As do the deceatful foulers,
 Whan they theyr nettes crafteleye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
 Threatening poore men with swearde and fyre ;
 All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
 To make them clove to thy desire,
 Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire ;
 Curfing with boke, bell, and candell,
 Such as to reade them have defyre,
 Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
 Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
 I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
 Even with this ~~PE~~ that thou seyfste here :
 Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare, 45
 But I wyll fyght with Gods worde ;
 Which is now so open and cleare,
 That it shall brynge the under the borde,

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion,

Thronghe myne ensample, and conseil,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion

And thou, Luther, arte accursed,
For blamynge me, and my condicion

The holy decrees have the condempned.

Thou fryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;

As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not, that I have power

To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature;
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?

Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,

That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this sworde I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accused be.

50

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70

THE

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
 Sent from Christes hye vicary,
 To graunt pardon to more, and sume,
 That wil Luther refist strongly :
 He is a greate heretike treuly,
 And regardeth to much the scripture ;
 For he thinketh onely thereby
 To subdue the popes high honoure.

75

80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
 And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;
 Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
 For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :
 And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
 Although ye be overcome by chaunce,
 Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte ;
 God can make you no refistaunce.

85

But these heretikes for theyr medlyng
 Shall go down to hel every one ;
 For they have not the popes bleffynge,
 Nor regarde his holy pardon :
 They thinke from all destruction.
 By Christes bloud, to be saved,
 Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
 Therefore shall they al be dampned.

90

95

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England Verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in an ancient Ms. Collection of Scottish poems in the Popish library :)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
 And a Miller, that will not steill,
 With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
 And lay ane deid-corpse thame by,
 And, throw virtue of thame three,
 That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but their furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy songs were composed by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Greene sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been

AND BALLADS. III

been one of these metamorphosed hymns : Maggy Lauder was another : John Anderson my jo was a thir'd. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, “The Book of the Universal Kirk,” p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed “a psalme boik, in the end wherof was found “ printit ane baudy sang, called, “ Welcome Fortunes*.”

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze fall get a shaps heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat :
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer ? and how doe ze thrive ?
And how mony bairns hae ze ? Wom. Cummer, I hae five.
Man. Are they to your twin gude man ? Wom. Na,
Cummer, na ;
For four of them were gotten, quhan Wullie was awa'.

* See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p. 177.

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI, written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Stryne's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had done what he could to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures; as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

*The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's *Visions*, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to Book III. BALLAD I.*

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
 After november, when the nights wax noysome and long;
 As I past by a place privily at a port,
 I saw one fit by himself making a song:
 His last * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
 That few were fast i'th' faith. I ' freyned † that freake,
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
 What maner men thou meane, that are so mad.
 He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
 To discusse divinity they nought adread:
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
 Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
 And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
 It is sothe said, that seft but much unfeemly skalk,
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

VOL. II.

I

Yet

* *Perhaps* He left talk.

† *seyned, MSS. and P. C.*

130 ANCIENT SONGS

Yet to their fancy soon a cause wil find ;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke :
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind ;
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake,

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue ;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture ;
Our suffrages, and service, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke ;
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong ;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake,

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through
the world,
That it woyld grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel :
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be
so quel,
That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him
wreake ;
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell ;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life ;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife

To

To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
 And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments
 breake :

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife ;
 Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp, and
 not care

According to their foolish fantacy ; but fast wil they
 naught :

Prayer with them is but prating ; therefore they it forbear :
 Both almes deeds, and holines, they hate it in their
 thought :

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us
 bought,

That he wil mend that is amiss : for many a manful freyke
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought ;
 And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in no place, this Nobody, in no time I met,
 Where no man, 'ne* nought was, nor nothing did
 appear ;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That 'Aeolus †' through the echo did cause me to hear,
 Then I drew me down into a dale, wheras the dumb deer
 Did shiver for a shower ; but I shunted from a freyke :
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,

But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his *Travel*, which has lately been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as remedied by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

O H, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guilties to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D.M,D,LV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

V. FAIR

* Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bedlam. Grav. ver. 57. Could say.

V.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. " Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter, lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze*; but it was commonly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when shee was dead she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe,

" Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda;
" Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epist. of Rosam.

“ *In English thus:*

“ *The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,*
 “ *Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent;*
 “ *In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,*
 “ *That by her life was sweete and redolent:*
 “ *But now that shee is from this life blent*
 “ *Though she were sweete, now foully doth shee stinke.*
 “ *A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.*”

Stowe's *Annals*, Ed. 1631. p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshead speaks of it, as “ the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde bir out by a silken thread, whiche the king had drawne after him out of his chamber with his foot, and deak with his in such scarpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after.” Vol. III. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out “ by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: whiche the queene followed, till shee had found what shee sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after.” 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably, as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on
 her

her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that “the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the CUP, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone.”

Rosamund's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a cotemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. “Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time leman to Henry II. . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of this place the barlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end, that through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keep themselves from unlawfull and aduoterous company with men.” *Annals, p. 159.*

* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of *Gul. Neubrig Hist. Vol. 3. p. 739.*

History farther informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, “that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund there interred.” . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery we learn from Leland, “Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stome with this inscription TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were clofyd in lede, and withyn that bones were clofyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came out of it.” See Hearne’s discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time, he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond’s labyrinth.*

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espè (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geffrey bishop of Lincoln†. Geffrey was the younger of Rosamond’s sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen’s reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry’s commerce with this lady broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152.] and that the young lady by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry’s sons in 1173.” [Carte’s hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England

* R. of Henry II. in Speed’s Hist. writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking. † Afterwards archb. of York.

England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Ralamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Printed from four ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the quene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheeke
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

5

10

15

Yea,

Yea, Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
 Her name was called so,
 To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
 Was known a deadlye foe.

20

The king therefore, for her defence,
 Against the furious queene,
 At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
 The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
 Of stone and timber stronge,
 An hundered and fifty doors
 Did to this bower belonge :

25

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
 With turnings round about,
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out.

30

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave
 Unto a valiant knight.

35

But fortune, that doth often frownie
 Where shée before did smile,
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
 Full scon shée did beguile.

40

For

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his father raised wares
 Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
 The English land forsooke,
 Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
 His farewelle thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
 That pleasest best mine eye :
 The fairest flower in all the worlde
 To feed my fantasye :

The flower of mine affected heart,
 Whose sweetnes doth excelle :
 My royal Rose a thousand times
 I bid thee nowe farewelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,
 My sweetest Rose, a space,
 And cross the seas to famous France,
 Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 My coming shortlye see,
 And in my heart, when hence I am,
 Ile heare my Rose with mee.”

45

50

55

60

When

140 ANCIENT SONGS

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte
 Did heare the king faye soe,
 The sorrowe of her grieved heart
 Her outward lookes did shewe ;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
 The teares gusht out apace, 70
 Which like the silver-pearled dewe
 Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
 Did waxe both wan and pale,
 And for the sorrow she conceivde
 Her vitall spirits faile ; 75

And falling down all in a swoone
 Before king Henryes face,
 Full oft he in his princelye armes
 Her bodye did embrace ; 80

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
 He kist her tender cheeke,
 Untill he had revivede againe
 Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose ?
 The king did often faye.
 Because, quoth shee, to b oodye warres
 My lord must part awaye.

63

70

75

80

85

But

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
 Amonge your foes unkinde
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
 Why shoulde I staye behinde ?

90

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
 Your sworde and target beare ;
 That on my breast the blowes may轻e,
 Which would offend you therē.

95

O lett mee, in your royal tent,
 Prepare your bed at nighte,
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
 At your retурne from fighte.

100

So I your presence may enjoye
 No toil I will refuse ;
 But wanting you, my life is death ;
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse !

“ Content thy self, my dearest love ;
 Thy rest at home shall bee
 In Englandes sweet and pleasant ifle ;
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;
 Soft peace their sexe delights ;
 Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers ;
 Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.”

110

My

My Rose shall safely here abide,
 With musicke passe the daye ;
 Whilst I, amōnge the piercing pikes, 115
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
 Whilst I me in armour dighte ;
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
 To bee my loves defence ;
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose
 When I am parted hence,"

And therewithall hee fetcht a sigh, 125
 As though his heart would breake ;
 And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
 Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they myghte
 In heart be grieved sore : 130
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the feas,
 And into France was gone ;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor, 135
 To Woodstocke came anone,

And

A N D B A L L A D S.

143

And forth she calles this truslye knighte,
In an unhappye houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

140

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace,

145

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

150

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

155

“ Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye ;
And lett mee not with poison stronge :
Enforced bee to dye,

160

I will

344 ANCIENT SONGS

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault, which I have done, 163
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there ; 170
And downe along her lovelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyson stonge, 175
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand : 180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle ;
And drinking up the poison stonge,
Her life shee lost withalle.

And

And when that death through everye limbe

Had shewde its greatest spite,

185

Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confeſſe

Shee was a glorious wight,

Her body then they did entomb,

When life was fled away,

At Godſtowe, near to Oxford towne,

As may be ſeenē this day.

190

VI.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

"Eleanor the daughter and heireſs of William duke of Guenne, and earl of Poictou, had been married fifteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croiſade, whiche that monarch commanded againſt the infidels; but having loſt the affections of her husband, and even fallen under ſome ſuspicions of gallantry with a ban. ſome Saracen, Louis more delicate, than politic, procured a diuorce from her, and reſtored her thofe rich provinces, whiche by her marriage ſhe had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteen b year, neither diſcouraged by the diſparity of age, nor by the repris of Eleanor's gallantry, made ſucceſſful courtiſhip to that princess, that he married her ſix weeks after her diuorce, and got poſſeſſion of all her domi- nions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon intereſt was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor,

nor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John. See Hume's Hist. I. 260, 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a sicke woman,
And afraid that she shold dye:
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
" Earl marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshall,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatsoeuer queene Elianor faye,
No harme therof may bee.

5

10

Ile

A N D B A L L A D S.

147

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere queen Elianor fayes
No harme therof shall fall.

15

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another ;
And we will to queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

29

Thus both attired then they goe :
When they came to Whitehall
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
They fell on their bended knee ;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so haftilee.

25

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
As I suppose you bee ?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

30

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any maffe
Sith we came from the sea.

35

K 2

The

The first vile thing that ever I did
 I will to you unfold ;
 Earl marshall had my maidened,
 Beneath this cloth of golde.

48

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
 To you Ile not denye,
 I made a boxe of poyson strong,
 To poison king Henrye.

49

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king,
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 And I wish it so may bee.

50

The next vile thing that ever I did,
 To you I will discover ;
 I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
 All in fair Woodstocke bower.

51

That's a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 And I wish it so may bee.

52

De

Do you see yonders little boye,
 A toffing of the balle ?
 That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
 And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
 A catching of the balle ?
 That is king Henries youngest sonne,
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyond like a bull ;
 His nose is like a boare.
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
 I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde :
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
 And a grimme look looked hee,
 Earl marshall, he fayd, but for my oathe,
 Or hanged thou shouldst bee.

70

75

60

V. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshall, the youngest by the king.

VII.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES.

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intituled, " Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from " his poore house in Waltham-stoe :" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578. Vid. Ath. Oxon.

A very ingenious critic thinks " Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification*." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' these qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES †, (the Dodley's miscellany of that time,) will

* Observations on the Faerie Queen. Vol. II. p. 168.

† Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to, black let.

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line* : whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gafcoigne's pieces ; the first intituled, “ *A bundreth sundrie floweres, bounde up in one small posie, &c.* London, imprinted for Richard Smith : ” without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intituled, “ *The Posies of George Gafcoigne Esq. corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour ; : 575. —Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c.* ” No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. s.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title-page containing the same Device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxembourg gallery †, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill-adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.

* The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirrour of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and even of *Surrey's Poems*, 1557.

† Henrie Binneman, † LE TEMPS DECOUVRE LA VERITE,

IN court whoso demaundes
 What dame doth most excell ;
 For my conceit I must needes say,
 Faire Bridges beares the bel :

Upon whose lively cheeke, 5
 To prove my judgment true,
 The rose and lillie seeme to ftrive
 For equall change of hewe :

And therwithall so well
 Hir graces all agree, 10
 No frowning cheere dare once presume
 In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
 Which like some other best,
 Will say, the blemishe on hir browe 15
 Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie,
 God wotte, they little knowe
 The hidden cause of that mishap,
 Nor how the harm did growe : 20

For when dame Nature first
 Had framde hir heavenly face,
 And thoroughly bedecked it
 With goodly gleames of grace ;

It

A N D B A L L A D S.

351

It lyked hir so well : 25
Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that paffeth all
Apelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love, 30
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas ! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne,
And some unseuen wer present there, 35
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his breif,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45
He chaunged into hate,
And fodeynly with myghtie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It

154 ANCIENT SONGS

It greeved Nature muche
 To see the cruell deede : 50
 Mee feemes I see hir, how she wept
 To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
 Shal have some helpe I trowe :
 And quick with skin she coverd it, 55
 That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
 For feare of further flame,
 When angel-like he saw hir shine, ,
 Whome he had smit with shame. 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
 In cradel of hir kind :
 The coward Cupide brake hir browe
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains ; 65
 No force, there let it be :
 There is no cloude that can eclipse
 So bright a sunne, as she.

VIII.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume.—An ingenious gentleman has assured the Editor, that he has formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembred: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS, compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the absurdities, and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham, (fought

(fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright ;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5
Yett seeing shee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitor to prettye Bessee.

Wherfore in great sorrow faire Besy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
Her suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Besy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee ; 15
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bowe ;
Then knew shee not, whither nor which way to goe :
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So fadd and so heavy was prettye Bessee. 20

She

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
 And went unto Rumford along the hye way ;
 Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee ;
 So faire and wel favoured was prettye Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
 But master and mistres and all was her friend :
 And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
 Was strait-way enamourd of prettye Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold ;
 Her beawtye was blazed in every degree ;
 Soe faire and soe comlye was prettye Bessee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
 Shee shewd herfelse curteous, and modestlye coye ;
 And at her commandment still wold they bee ;
 Soe faire and so comlye was prettye Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe ;
 They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe :
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
 Yett ever they honoured prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
 And he came unto her disguisde in the night :
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

158 ANCIENT SONGS

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall :
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he wold dye for prettye Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight : 50
 My hart's so inthrallled by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee :
 My life is distressed : O heare me, quoth hee ; 55
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant could say,
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love prettye Bessee. 60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
 My father and mother I meane to obey ;
 First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made, 65
 Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
 This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree ;
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee ?

My

My father, she sayd, is soone to be seene;
 The feely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
 That daylye fits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of prettye Bessee.

70

His markes and his tokenes are knownen very well ;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell :
 A feely olde man God knoweth is hee,
 Yett hee is the father of prettye Bessee.

75

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :
 Nor, quoth the inholder, my wiffe shalt thou bee :
 I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
 And therfore, adewe, my prettye Bessee !

80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
 I weighe not true love by the weight of the purse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
 Then welcome unto mee, my prettye Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85
 Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe ;
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adewe of prettye Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
 The knight had from Romford stole Bessy away. 90
 The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe prettye Bessee.

As

160 ANCIENT SONGS

As swift as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Until they came neare unto Bednall-greene ;
And as the knight lighted most curteouslie,
They all fought against him for prettye Bessee. 95

But rescu came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had beene slaine.
This fray being ended, then straightway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at prettye Bessee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Althoughts I be poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my owne door :
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee,

But first you shall promise, and have ijt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound ;
And oftentimes it was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne : 115

Soe that the place, wherein they did fitt,
 With gold was covered every whitt.
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
 Sayd, Beggar, hold, for wee have no more.

120

Thou haft fulfilled thy promise aright.
 Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight ;
 And heere, added hee, I will throwe you downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene :
 And those, that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Befsy a match for the knight,
 And made a ladye in others despite : 130
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The **SECOND FIT** * shall sett forth to your sight 135
 With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

* The word **FIT**, for **PART**, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances ; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by

FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *Art of English poesie*, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by
"breaches into three partes to serve for three several FITS,
"or times to be sung." p. 41.—

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhimers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be
"in small and popular musches, sung by thys Cantabanki,
"upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none
"other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by
"them in the streets; or else by BLIND HARPERS, or such
"like taverne minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a
"GROAT, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of
"old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of
"Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme
"of the Clough, and such other old romances or historica
"rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at
"Cbrisfmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and
"aleboufes, and such other places of base reporte." p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage. "We ourselves, says
"this courtly* writer, have written for pleasure a little
"brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong
"of the isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres,
"and by breaches or divisions [i. e. FITS,] to be more com
"modiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where
"the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures,
"and valiancnes of noble knights in times past, as are those
"of

* He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time, when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.

“ of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table, Sir
 “ Bowys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others
 “ like.” p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of armes, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

“ When meate and drinke is great plentyd,
 “ And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
 “ And fitt and solace lythe ; • Perhaps
 “ Then itt is time for mee to speake “ blythe.”
 “ Of keene knyghtes, and kempes great,
 “ Such carping for to kytte.”

If we consider that a GROAT in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-fingers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in II parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver. 34, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a GROAT for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song : and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the bearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth.—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT ; it seems at first to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing time between the several parts, (answering to PASSUS in the visions of Pieris Plowman) : thus in the old poem of JOHN THE REVER the First part ends with this line,

“ The first FITT here find wee : ”

i. e. here we come to the first pause or intermission.—By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause ; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer : who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances.)

*“ Lo ! lordis mine, here is a FITT ;
“ If ye woll any more of it,
“ To tell it woll I fonde.”*

PART THE SECOND.

WI hin a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they colde have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of prettye Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete ;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of prettye Bessee.

5

This

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number therto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee. 10

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene,
That went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene. 15

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed by the skillfullest men,
The nobles and gentles fete downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde. 20

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn :
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marueil have wee, 25
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe.
Before her owne face, were a flattering thinge ; 30
Wee thinke thy father's basenes, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

166 A N C I E N T S O N G S

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar clad in a filke cloke ;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a mufician forsooth hee wold bee. 35

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any muficke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of prettye Bessee. 40

With that his lute he twanged straight way,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play ;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayned out this song most delicatlie.

“ A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene, 45
 “ Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene :
 “ A blithe bonny lasse, and dainty was shée,
 “ And many one called her prettye Bessee.

“ Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
 “ But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ; 50
 “ And yett to her marriage he gave thousands threec,
 “ And still he hath somewhat for prettye Bessee.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 “ Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 “ To prove shée is come of noble degree : 55
 “ Therfore never flout at prettye Bessee.”

With that the lords and the company round
 With hearty laughter were readye to fwound ;
 At last sayd the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar's behoden to thee.

60

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
 That throughē blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree :

65

And therfore blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee,
 For the love that thou bearest to prettye Besse.

70

“ Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 “ One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
 “ And if that it may not winn good report,
 “ Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

75

“ [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
 “ Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 “ Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 “ Now losse and forgotten are hee and his race.

80

“ When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
 “ Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chofe ;
 “ A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 “ And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

“ At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine 85
 “ The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
 “ Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 “ Thoughe thou waft not borne then, my prettye Bessie !

“ Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 “ His eldest sonne Henry, who fought by his side, 90
 “ Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight ?
 “ A blowe that deprivde him for ever from fight.

“ Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 “ Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 “ When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ; 95
 “ And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie !

“ A barons faire daughter stopt forth in the nighte
 “ To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
 “ And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 “ Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye. 100

“ In secrette slie nurst him, and swaged his paine,
 “ While hee through the realme was beleevd to be slaine ;
 “ At lengthe his faire bride shew consented to bee,
 “ And made him glad father of prettye Bessie.

“ And

“ And nowe left oure foes oure lives sholde betraye, 105
 “ We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye ;
 “ Her jewelles shee folde, and hither came wee :
 “ All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

“ And here have we lived in fortunes despite, 109
 “ Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte :
 “ Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
 “ The sillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

“ And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
 “ Of one, that once to your owne ranke did belong :
 “ And thus have you learned a secrette from mee, 115
 “ That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessee.”

Now when the faire compayne everye one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
 Both at the blinde beggar, and prettye Bessee. 120

With that the sweete maiden they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art right worthye a ladye to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte, 125
 A bridegrome most happye then was the yong knighte,
 In joye and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the prettye Bessee.

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marball], is preserved in the The Paradise of dauntless devises, quoted above in pag. 150.—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in “An hours recreation in musick, &c. “ by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606. 4to.:” usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of “ Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597. 1600. 1608, 4v.” One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bestos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

*Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Dorb vaunt of Heela, whose sulphurous fire
Dorb melt the frozen clime, and tharw the skie,
Trinacrian Etnas flames ascend not bier :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*The Andelusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cutchinole and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose hart with fears doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition.

THE

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine :
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizling rain :
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

5

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set :
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net :
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is foone deceived by subtil hooke.

10

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste ;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

15

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame :
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

20

X. YOUNG

X.

YOUNG WATERS.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

This very ancient poem is given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world is indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume, sister to the earl of Hume, who dyed lately at Gibraltar.

A BOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A'! there is cum to our kings court
 Mony a well-favour'd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw zoung Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind,
 And mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

10

Gowden

Gowden graith'd his horse before
And filler shod behind,

The horse zoungh Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

15

But then spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the company.

20

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree ;
Bot a fairer face than zoungh Waters
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou might have excepted me.

25

Zou're neither laird nor lord the says,
Bot the king that wears the crown ;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.

30

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee ;
Bot for the words which she had said
Zoungh Waters he maun dee.

35

They

They hae taen young Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;

They hae taen young Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind bot and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heidling hill
His young son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heidling hill,
His horse, bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heidling hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the queen had spoke,
Young Waters he did dee.

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE:

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

*Edward Vere earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its " excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poetrie**, and found entire in the *Garland of Good-will*. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E.O.) may be seen in the *Paradise of Desirous Devises*. One of these is intituled, " The Complaint of a " Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The ~~only~~ lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man ' beare'
Who triumphs over me ;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8, 1536; " Queene Anne [Bullen] ware " YLOWE for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head May 19, the same year, " on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware WHYTE." Fol. 227, 228.

*Edward.** *Lond. 1589. p. 172.*

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors: Atb. Ox.

COME hither shepherd's swayne ?
“ Sir, what do you require ? ”
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
“ My name is FOND DESIRE.”

When wert thou borne, Desire ?
“ In pompe and pryme of may.”
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?
“ By fond Conceit men say.”

Tell me, who was thy nurse ?
“ Fresh Youth in sugred joy.”
What was thy meate and dayly foode ?
“ Sad fighes with great annoy.”

What hadst thou then to drinke ?
“ Unfavoury lovers teares.”
What cradle wert thou rocked in ?
“ In hope devoyde of feares.”

What lulld thee then asleepe ?
“ Sweete speech, which likes me best.”
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place ?
“ In gentle hertes I rest.”

20
What

What thing doth please thee most?
 " To gaze on beautys stille."
 Whom dost thou thinkē to be thy foe?
 " Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease?
 " Yea, surelye, many one."
 Where doth Desire delight to live?
 " He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
 Bring him unto decaye?
 " No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
 " Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
 Thou art no mate for mee;
 I should be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
 With such a one as thet. 35

XII.

S I R A N D R E W B A R T O N.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public. See Mr. Gubrie's New Peerage, 4to. Vol. I. p. 22.

VOL. II. M " The

" *The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey* and his family at this time. [A. D. 1521.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland; so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.*

" *Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas † and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his*

men

* Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

.. † Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.

men with his wistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [Aug. 2, 1511.]

“ This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father’s order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward’s fortune; for on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

“ King James² insisted³ upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: ‘ tho’ Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves.’ This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2. v. 156. it is said, that England had before “ but two ships of war.” Now the GREAT HARRY had been built but seven years before, viz. in 1504: which “ was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince “ wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships “ from the merchants.” Hume.

The following copy (which is given from the Editor’s folio MS. and seems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth) will be found greatly superior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. Some few deficiencies are however supplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.

THE FIRST PART.

‘ WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 ‘ Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
 ‘ And Neptune with his daintye showers
 ‘ Came to present the monthe of Maye;’*
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5
 Over the river of Thames past hee ;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

“ O yee are welcome rich merchānts ;
 Good faylors, welcome unto me.” 10
 They swore by the rood, they were faylors good,
 But rich merchānts they colde not bee :
 “ To France, nor Flanders dare we pās ;
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare ;
 And all for a rover, that lyes on the seas, 15
 Who robbes us of our merchant ware.”

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
 “ I thought he had not been in the world,
 Durst have wrought England such unright.” 20
 The merchants sighed, and said, alas !
 And thus they did theire answere frame,
 Hee is a proud Scott, that robbes on the seas,
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The

* From the pr. copy.

The king lookt over his left shoulđer,
 And an angrye looke then looked hee :
 " Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
 Will fetch yond traytor unto mee ?"
 Yea, that dare I ; lord Howard sayes,
 Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ;
 If it please your grace to give me leave,
 Myselfe wil be the only man.

25

30

Thou art but yong ; the king replied :
 Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
 " Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
 Or before my prince I will never appeare."
 Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
 And chuse them over my realme so free ;
 Befides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.

35

40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,
 Was the ablest gunner in all the rea'me,
 Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten ;
 Good Peter Simon was his name.
 Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea,
 To bring home a traytor live or dead ;
 Before all others I have chosen thee ;
 Of a hundred gunners to be head,

45

182 ANCIENT SONGS

If you, my lord, have chosen me
 Of a hundred gunners to be head, 50
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread'th.
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 * Whose active hands had gained fame,*
 In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne, 55
 And William Horseley was his name.

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede
 Go secke a traytor on the sea,
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred bowemen to be head ;
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,
 If I misse twelvescore one penny bread'th.

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
 The noble Howard is gone to the sea ;
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
 And days he scant had sayled three,
 Upon the 'voyage', he tooke in hand, 70
 But there he met with a noble shipp,
 And stoutly made itt stay and stand.

Thou

* From the pr. copy.

Thou must tell me, lord Howard fayes,
 Now who thou art, and what's thy name ;
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is : 75
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.
 My name is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee
 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind ;
 I and my shipp doe both belong
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne. 80

Haſt thou not heard, now, Henrye Hunt,
 As thou haſt ſayled by daye and by night,
 Of a Scottish rover on the ſea's ;
 Men call him fir Andrew Barton knight ?
 Than ever he fighed, and ſayd alas ! 85
 With a grieved mind, and well away !
 But over-well I knowe that wight,
 I was his prisoner yesterdaſ.

As I was ſayling upon the ſea,
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare ; 90
 To his arch-borde* he clasped me,
 And robd me of all my merchant ware :
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
 And every man will have his owne ;
 And I am howe to London bounde, 95
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

You shall not need, lord Howard sayes ;
 Lett me but once that robber see,
 For every penny tane thee frpe
 It shall be doubled shillings three. 104
 Nowe God forefend, the merchant sayes,
 That you shold seek soe far amiss !
 God keepe you out o' that traitors handes !
 Full little ye wott what a man he is.

He is brasse within, and steele without,
 With beames on his topcastle stronge ; 105
 And thirty pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side alonge ;
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
 St. Andrewes crosse itt is his guide ;
 His pinnace beareth ninefcore men,
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were y^e twentye shippes, and he but one ;
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall ;
 He wold o'recome them every one,
 If once his beames they doe downe fall. 115
 This is cold comfort, sayes my lord,
 To welcome a stranger on the sea :
 Yett Ile bring him, and his shipp to shore,
 Or to Scotland he shall carrye mee. 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,
 And he must aim well with his ee,
 And sinke his pinnace in the sea,
 Or else he ne'er o'recome will be:
 And if you chance his shipp to borde,
 This counsel I must give withall,
 Let no man to his topcastle goe
 To strive to let his beames downe fall.

125

And seven pieces of ordinance,
 I pray your honour lend to mee,
 On each side of my shipp along,
 And I will lead you on the sea.
 A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
 Whether you sayle by day or night;
 And to-morrowwe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
 You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

130

135

T H E S E C O N D P A R T.

THE merchant sett my lord'e a glaffe
 Soe well apparent in his fight,

And

And on the mortewe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewd him Sir Andrewe Barten knight.
 His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold,
 Soe deerlye dight it daunted the ee,
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde sayd,
 This is a gallant fight to see.

Take in your auncyents, standards eke,
 So close that no man may them see ;
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,
 As merchants use that sayle the sea.
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast,
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 What English charles are yonder, he sayd,
 That can see little curtefye ?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
 I have beene admirall over the sea ;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this way.
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace ;
 " Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee :
 I sweare by the masse, yon English charles
 Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree.

With

F. 5. 'hatched with gold.' MS.

A N D B A L L A D S.

187

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25
 Full well lord Howard might it ken ;
 For it strake downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourteen of his men.
 Come hicher, Simon, sayer my lord,
 Looke that thy word doe stand in stead ; 30
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread'ch.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde,
 His ordinance he laid right lowe ;
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
 With other great shott lesse, and moe ;
 And he lett goe his great gunnes shott ;
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
 The first fight that Sir Andrewe sawe,
 He sawe his pinnace funke i' the sea. 40

And when hee sawe his pinnace funke,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !
 " Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysel."
 When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loofe, 45
 Within his heart hee was full faine :
 " Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
 Sound all your trumpets out amaine."

Fight

188 ANCIENT SONGS

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sayes,
 Weale howsoever this geere will sway ; 50
 Itt is my lord admirall of Englānd,
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare ;
 In att his decke he gave a shott,
 Killed threescore of his men of warre. 55

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other fide,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60
 Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrew cryed,
 What may a man now thinke, or say ?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
 That aye wast readye at my call ;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 " Horseley see thou be true in stead ; 70
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread'.

Then

Then Gordon swarvd the maine-maft tree,
 He swarved it with might and maine ;
 But Horsley with a bearing arrowe,
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine ;
 And he fell downe to the hatches again,
 And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed :
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
 How that the Gordon he was dead.

75

80

Come hither to mee, James Hamilton,
 Thou art my only fifters sonne,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou haft wonne.
 With that he swarvd the maine-maft tree,
 He swarved it with nimble art ;
 But Horsley with a broad arrowe
 Pierced the Hamilton thorough the heart :

85

And downe he fell upon the deck,
 That with his blood did streeame amaine :
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away !
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine !
 All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell :
 “ Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
 For I will to the topcastle mysel.”

90

95

“ Goe

190 ANCIENT SONGS

“ Goe fetch me forth my armour of proof,
 That gilded is with gold soe cleare :
 God be with my brother John of Barton !
 Against the Portingals hee it ware ; 100
 And when he had on this armour of proof,
 He was a gallant fight to see.
 Ah ! nere didst thou meet with lving wight,
 My deere brother, could cope with thec.”

Come hither Horseley, says my lord,
 And looke to your shaft that it goe right,
 Shoot a good shoothe in time of need,
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.
 Ile shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine, 110
 But if I were hangd at your maine-mast tree,
 I have now left but arrowes twaing.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
 With right good will he swarved then :
 Upon his breast did Horseley hitt, 115
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horseley spyea a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part ;
 Under the spole of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

“ Right

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
 A little I me hurt, but yett not slaine ;
 He but lye downe and bleede a while,
 And then he rise and fight againe.

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
 And never flinche before the foe ;
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe.”

125

They never heard his whistle blow,
 Which made their hearts waxe sore adread : 130
 Then Horsley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew’s dead.
 They bearded then his noble shipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine ;
 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found,
 The rest were either maimed or slaine.

135

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head ;
 “ I must ha’ left England many a daye,
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead.” 140
 He caused his bodye to be cast
 Over the hatchborde into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes :
 “ Wherever thou land this will burye thee.”

Thus

192 ANCIENT SONGS

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 141
 And backe he sayled ore the maine,
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And sealed it with seale and ring ; 150
 " Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
 As never did subiect to a king.

" Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee ;
 A braver shipp was never none :
 Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warre, 155
 Before in England was but one."

King Henryes grace with royll cheere
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,
 And where, said he, is this rover stout :
 That I myselfe may give the doome ? 160

" The rover, he is safe, my leige,
 Full many a fadom in the sea ;
 If he were alive, as he is dead,
 I must ha' left England many a day :
 And your grace may thank four men i' the ship 165
 For the victory wee have wonne,
 These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
 In lieu of what was from thee tane,
 A noble a day thou shalt have,
 With Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne." 170
 And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store ;
 Howard shall be earl Surrye hight,
 As Howards erft have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne :
 And the men shall have five hundred markes
 For the good service they have done. 185
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight :
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlie face,
 And eyes soe hollowe in his head,
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
 This man were alive as he is dead :
 Yet for the manfull part he playd,
 Which fought soe well with heart and hand, 195
 His men shall have twelvepence a day,
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

XIII.

LADY BOTHWELL's LAMENT,
A SCOTTISH SONG,

— refers, I presume, to the affecting story of lady Jean Gordon, sister to the earl of Huntley. This lady had been married but six months to James Hepburn earl of Bothwell, when that nobleman conceived an ambitious design of marrying his sovereign Mary queen of Scots: to accomplish which, among other violent measures he sued out a divorce from his lawful bride, the lady Jean. This suit was driven forward with such indecent precipitation, that the process was begun and ended in four days, [in May 1567.] and his wife, who was a woman of merit, driven from his bed, upon the most trivial and scandalous pretences. See Robertson.—History is silent as to this lady having a child by him, but that might be accounted for by supposing it dyed.

After all, perhaps this story is misapplied here, and indeed is hardly consistent with the last stanza. In the Editor's folio MS. whence this song is printed, it is simply intitled BALOWE: and in the copy given by Allan Ramsey in his Tea-table Miscellany, (which contains many modern additions) it is called, "Lady ANNE Bothwell's Lament.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow.

A N D B A L L A D S.

195

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.

5

Balow, my babe, ly stil and fleipe,
It greives me fair to see weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did nat appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe, nor mee.

19

Balow, &c.

19

Ly stil, my darling, fleipe a while,
And whan thou wakeft, sweetly smile:
But smile nat, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

20

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever wil
Be luying to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gaes, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae,

25

Balow, &c.

N 2.

Bot

Bot doe nat, doe nat, prettie mine,
 'To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new ;
 If gude or faire, of hir hae care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair.

38

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe greive :
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forȝeit man's cruelty.

40

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falfeſt youth,
 That evir kifſt a womans mouth !
 I wiſh all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to truſt mans curteſy ;
 For iſ we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le uſe us than they care nae how.

45

Balow, my babe, ly ſtil, and fleipe,
 It greives me fair to ſee thee weipe.

50

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley, was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that prince married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was married Feb. 9, 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5. that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4. 1560.

W O E worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlānde!
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleighte ;
 The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5
 And sealed it with harte and ringe ;
 And bade him come Scotland within,
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
 To be a prince unto a peere : 10
 But you have heard, and soe have I,
 A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italian in that place,
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
 And David Riccio was his name, 15
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
 Hee wold have fate him downe i' th' chaire,
 Although it be seemed him not so well,
 And though the kinge were present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlānde waxed wroth,
 And quarrelled with him for the nonce ;
 And I shall tell how it befell,
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When

When the queene shee saw her chamberlaine flaine 25
 For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
 And made a vowe for a yare and a day
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
 And made their vow all vehemently ; 30
 That for the death of the chamberlaine,
 How hee, the king himselfe sholde dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
 And layd greene rushes in his waye ;
 For the traitors thought that very night 35
 This worthye king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne ;
 To take his rest was his desire ;
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
 But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall ;
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
 All underneath the castle wall.

Who have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd : 45
 Now answer me, that I may know.
 " King Henry the eighth my uncle was ;
 For his sweete sake some pitty shew."

Who have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50
 " Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well ;
 Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much, hee sayd,
 And as much favour shew to thee ;
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55
 That day thou deemedst him to dye.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
 Through towers and castles that were nye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hangd him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard,
 How that the worthye king was slaine ;
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is flied into merry England, 65
 And here her refidence hath tane ;
 And through the queene of Englands grace,
 In England now shee doth remaine.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*; a book in which are many fly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of those times, *viz.*

“ I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-
“ lish metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargasia, or
“ the Gorgeous, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majesties
“ owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure
“ beynge as his very originall name purporteth the most bew-
“ tifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be
“ reserved for a last complement, and descriptred by a ladies
“ penne, herselffe beynge the most bewtiful, or rather bewtie
“ of queenes*. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne
“ lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within
“ this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce
“ meete for so great and dangerous a prisoner) bred secret
“ factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie
“ incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of in-
“ novation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes
“ by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie
“ to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret
“ practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and
“ pacience

* She was at this time near threescore.

“ pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and
 “ sententious, not bidding from all such aspiring minds the
 “ danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which after-
 “ wards fell out most truly by th^e exemplary chasfisement of
 “ sundry persons, who in favour of the said Sc. Q. declining
 “ from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiete of the realme
 “ by many evill and undutifull practizes.”

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long
 before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel,
 the lord Lumley, sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were
 taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. — It was ori-
 ginally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which
 is here divided into two.

THE doubt of future foes
 Exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
 And subiect faith doth ebbe,
 Which would not be if reason rul'd,
 Or wisdome wev'd the webbe.

But clowdes of toyes untried
 Do cloake aspiring mindes ;
 Which turn to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe wil be ;
And frutelesse all their grafted guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

15

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

20

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth fowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port ;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

25

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
Shall ' quickly ' poll their toppes, that seeke
Such change, and gape for joy.

30

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that was between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 102, to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed Jan. 2. 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

*The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled "A new Ballad, declar-
" ing the great treason conspired against the young king of
" Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man,
" which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same.
" To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the
end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON.
" Imprinted at London for Yaratbe James, dwelling in New-
" gate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black letter,
folio.*

*This ELDERTON, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and his rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes,
besides*

In *addition* *to* *the* *following*, *are* *of* *his* *composing*. *He* *is* *believed* *to* *have* *fallen* *a* *martyr* *to* *his* *bottle* *before* *the* *year* 1592. *His* *epitaph* *has* *been* *recorded* *by* *Camden*, *and* *translated* *by* *Oldys*,

Hic situs est sibi, atque ebrias Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est,

Dead drank here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, be still is dry;
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst is laid.

See *Stow's Lond. [Guild-ball.]*—*Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, by Oldys, Note B.]* *Ath. Ox.*—*Cambd. Remains.*—*The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.*

'O U T alas! what a grieve is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoe'er ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing,
It is to offend the anointed kinge?
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

206 ANCIENT SONGS

On Whitson eve it so befell,
 A posset was made to give the king,
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
 And that it was a poysoned thing.
 She cryed, and called piteouslie :
 Now help, ~~or else~~ the king shall die !
 Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,
 Out with his sword, and bestirred him than,
 Out of the doores in haste to flic.
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of a window he got at last.
 Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
 Having the posset in his hande :
 The fight of Browne made him aghast,
 Who bad him stably stafe and stand.
 With him were two that ranne away,
 For feare that Browne would make a fray.
 Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there ?
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he ;
 But a posset to make the king good cheere.
 Is it so ? sayd Browne, that will I see,

20

25

30

35

40

First

First I will have thyself begin,
 Before thou goe any further in ;
 Be it weale or woe it shall be so,
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know,
 Thou art a young man poore and bare ;
 Livings on thee I will bestowe :
 Let me go on take thee no care.
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
 A traitour for all christiantie,
 Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
 Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by,
 His belly burst and he fell downe :
 A just rewarde for his traitery.
 This was a posset indeed, quoth Browne !
 He serched the bishop and found the keyes,
 To come to the kinge when he did please.
 Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
 He humbly fell uppon his knee,
 And prayded God that he did misse
 To taft of that extremity ;
 For that he did perceave and know,
 His clergie would betray him so :
 Alas for woe, &c.

Alas,

Alas, he said, unhappy realme,
 My father and godfather slaine :
 My mother banished, O extreame !
 Unhappy fate and bitter bayne !
 And now like treason wrought for me,
 What more unhappy realme can be !
 Alas for woe, &c.

70

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
 And gave her twenty poundes a yeere ;
 And trustie Browne too in like case,
 He knighted him, with gallant geere ;
 And gave him 'lands and' livings great,
 For dooing such a manlyfeat,
 As he did shewe, to the bishop's woe,
 Which made, &c.

75

80

When all this treason done and past,
 Tooke not effect of trayterie ;
 Another treason at the laft,
 They sought against his majestie :
 How they might make their kinge away :
 By a privie banquet on a daye.
 Alas for woe, &c.

85

Another

V. 67. His father was Henry lord Darnley. His godfathers
 were the duke of Savoy : and Charles IX. king of France, but
 neither of these were murdered.

Another time to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede : 90
Three noble earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with spedee.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme :
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe. 95

The earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heede you do not offend the king ;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing : 100
For his godmother * will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe ; for if it be so
She will make, &c.

God graunt all subiects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where : 105
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare :
That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be. 110
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's *Hist.*

The present lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring said, "You has spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

James did not sufficiently exert himself in punishing the murderers, but I know not any reason for supposing he was jealous of Murray with his queen.

A N D B A L L A D S.

244

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh ! whair hae ye been ?
They hae slaine the earl of Murray,
And hae layd him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !
And whairfore did you sae ?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny earl of Murray
Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba' ;
And the bonny earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve ;
And the bonny earl of Murray,
Oh ! he was the queenes lufe.

10

15

20

Oh ! lang will his lady
Luke owre the caſtle downe,
Ere ſhe ſee the earl of Murray
Cum founding throw the towne.

XVIII.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes render her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epitome, first acted in 1609. Act 4. sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1. sc. 4. And his masque intituled The Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

— MARY AMBREE,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

*She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Ad 5.
sub finem.*

— “ My large gentlewoman, my MARY AMBREE,
“ bad I but seen into you, you should have had another bit-
“ fellow.” —

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, compared with another in the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lover's death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death colde
not daunte,

Did march to the siege of the citye of Gaunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battele was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major * was slaine in her fight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacheroussie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe ; 10
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shew ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

A helmett of proose shew strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shew girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlet had shew ; 15
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree.

O 3

Then

* *So MS. Serjeant Major in PC*

Then tooke shee her fworde and her targett in hand,
 Bidding all such as wolde, bee of her band
 To wayt on her person came thousand and three :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ? 25

My souldiers so valiant and faithfull, shee sayd,
 Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd ;
 Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and thus they did say, 25
 Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
 Thy harte and thy weapons soe well doe agree,
 Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughтен for life,
 With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife, 30
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free ;
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will see the worst of you all
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture so free ; 35
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battel arraye,
 Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye ;
 Seven howers in skirmish continued shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ? 40

She

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
 And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts soe hott ;
 For one of her owne men a score killed shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lassie, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent, 45
 Away all her pelletts and powder had spent,
 Straight with her keen weapon free flasht him in three :
 Was not this a brave bonny lassie, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
 At length she was forced to make a retyre ; 50
 Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lassie, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they besett her on every fide,
 As thinking close siege shee cold never abide ;
 To beate down her walles they all did decree ; 55
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
 There daring the captaines to match any three :
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree ! 60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
 To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live ?
 Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
 Then smiled sweetlye, faire Mary Ambree.

216. ANCIENT SONGS

Now captaines couragious, of valour soe bold, 65
 Whom thinke you before you that you doe behold ?
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
 Who shertelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England ; behold in your fight
 Two brests in my bosome, and therfore noe knight : 70
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
 But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
 Whose valour hath provd soe undaunted in warre ?
 If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee, 75
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree ?

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne ;
 Hee wooed her and sued her his mistres to bee,
 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
 Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall :
 A mayden of Englande, sir, never will bee
 The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shes backe did returne, 85
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne :
 Therfore English captaines of every degree
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XIX, BRAVE

XIX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Erefby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the common people.

“ My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: he was a great master of the art military. I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the REPTILIA; intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great sou- dier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.” See Naunton’s *fragm. Regal.*

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601. See his character in Naunton’s *Fragments Regalia*.—Both the names of Norris and Turner are famous among those of the military men of that age.

Printed from an ancient black-letter copy.

THE

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most couragious officérs
 Were English captains three,
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

The next was captain Norris,
 A valiant man was hee ;
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then
 Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
 And look you round about :
 And shoot you right you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musquet and calliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'le be the formost man in fight,
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

And

A N D B A L L A D S.

219

And then the bloody enemy 25
They fiercely did assail,

And fought it out most furiously,

Not doubting to prevail ;

The wounded men on both fides fell

Most pitious for to see,

Yet nothing could the courage quell

Of brave lord Willoughbey.

30

For seven hours to all mens view

This fight endured sore,

Until our men so feeble grew

35

That they could fight no more,

And then upon dead horses

Full favourly they eat,

And drank the puddle water,

They could no better get.

40

When they had fed so freely

They kneeled on the ground,

And praised God devoutly

For the favour they had found ;

And beating up their colours,

45

The fight they did renew,

And turning tow'rds the Spaniard

A thousand more they slew.

The

The sharp steel pointed arrows,
 And bullets thick did fly ; 50
 Then did our valiant soldiers
 Charge on most furiously ;
 Which made the Spaniards waver,
 They thought it best to flee,
 They fear'd the stout behaviour
 Of brave lord Willoughbey. 55

Then quoth the Spanish general,
 Come let us march away,
 I fear we shall be spoiled all
 If here we longer stay ; 60
 For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
 With courage fierce and fell,
 He will not give one inch of way
 For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65
 Was quickly put to flight,
 Our men persued couragioufly,
 And caught their forces quite ;
 But at laist they gave a shout,
 Which echoed through the sky, 70
 God, and St. George for England !
 The conquerers did cry,

This

AND BALLADS.

221

This news was brought to England With all the speed might be, And soon our gracious queen was told Of this same victory : O this is brave lord Willoughbey, My love that ever won, Of all the lords of honour 'Tis he great deeds hath done.	75
To th' souldiers that were maimed, And wounded in the fray, The queen allow'd a pension Of fifteen pence a day, And from all costs and charges She quit and set them free, And this she did all for the sake Of brave lord Willoughbey.	85
Then courage, noble Englishmen, And never be dismaid, If that we be but one to ten, We will not be afraid To fight with foraign enemies, And set our nation free ; And thus I end the bloody bout Of brave lord Willoughbey.	95

XX. VI C-

XX.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral sonnet bath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26. 1653. London printed 1653." 4to.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

10
15
XXI. THE

XXI.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21. 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the lord Howard admiral, and the earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but miss of a much richer, by the resolution, which the duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss, which the Spaniards sustained in this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm,

*A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.*

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conquests,
Threatning our country with fire and sword,
Often

224 ANCIENT SONGS

Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums, 5
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas hastily went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood. 10
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver shps never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head,
Now bragging Spaniard take heed of your tayle. 15
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ride ;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descry'd. 20
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25
Dub a dub, &c.

There

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred full,
 And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
 There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep pitifully
 When they saw no shifte to scape thence away. 30
 Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
 Wee took in fight manfullie and brought away. 35
 Dub a dub, &c.

The earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;
 The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
 Did fly for their safety, and durst not come down. 40
 Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble earl, courage my soldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small,
 But see the women and children you save. 45
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne ;
 We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on high,
 With English colours which purchas'd renoune. 50
 Dub a dub, &c.

226 ANCIENT SONGS

Entering the houses then, of the most richeſt men,
For gold and treasure we ſearched each day ;
In ſome places we did find, pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire roſting and folk run away. 55
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rych merchandize, every ſhop catch'd our eyes,
Damasks and fattens and velvets full fayre ;
Whiſh ſoldiers meaſured out by the length of their ſwords ;
Of all commodities each had his ſhare. 60
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
Marched to the market place, where he did stand ;
There many prisoneres fell to our ſeveral ſhares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde. 65
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general ſaw they delayed all,
And would not ransome their towne as they ſaid,
With their fair wanſcots, their preſſes and bedſteds,
Their jointſtools and tables a fire we made ; 70
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth : in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

Printed from an ancient black letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS;

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree. 5

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye ;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye. 10
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment

For to set the ladies free,

With their jewels still adorned,

15

None to do them injury.

Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,

O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

Gallant captain, shew some pity

To a ladye in distresse ;

20

Leave me not within this city,

For to dye in heaviness :

Thou haft set this present day my body free,

But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should’st thou, fair lady, love me,

25

Whom thou knowst thy countrys foe ?

Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee :

“ Serpents lie where flowers grow.”

All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,

God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,

That you came on Spanish ground ;

If you may our foes be termed,

Gentle foes we have you found :

With our city, you have won our hearts each one,

35

Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

“ Ref

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
 Rest you still, and weep no more ;
 Of fair lovers there are plenty,
 Spain doth yield you wonderous store.” 40
 Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
 But English men throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 Thou alone enjoyst my heart ;
 I am lovely, young and tender, 45
 Love is likewise my desert ;
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
 The wife of every English man is counted blest.

“ It would be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence ;
 English soldiers never carry 50
 Any such without offence.”
 I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go,

“ I have neither gold nor silver
 To maintain thee in this case,
 And to travel is great charges, 55
 As you know in every place.”
 My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,

And eke *ten thousand pounds in gold tha: lies unknown,

230 ANCIENT SONGS

“ On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes.”

Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

65

“ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife ;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

70

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her ;
Of my suit I make an end :
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

75

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold ;
And these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold :
All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

80

I will

I will spend my days in prayer.

85

Love and all his laws defye ;

In a nunnery will I shrowd mee,

Far from any companye :

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,

To pray for thee and for thy love I will not mis. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !

Farewell too my heart's content !

Count not Spanish ladies wanton,

Though to thee my love was bent :

Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !

95

The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladje.

XXIII.

A R G E N T I L E A N D C U R A N,

—Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intituled ALBION'S ENGLAND by WILLIAM WARNER : “ An author, (says a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Cuean]. A tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in stile ;

"in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." [Muses library 8vo. 1738.] To this elogium nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

WARNER is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall* : in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known. Tho' now his name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age †. But Warner rather resembled OVID, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And tho' he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity : as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond :

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red :
Hard was the heart, that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND here followed was printed in 4to, 1602 ; said in the title page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now "revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet's own invention ; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject, in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danse, and the fayre princess Argentile,

* Athen, Oxon,

† Ibid.

Argentile, daughter and beyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER. London 1617. in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.

The' here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Brutons 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdomis here begonne,
Where diversly in diver broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne ;
In loyal concorde during life,
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes ;
By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine ;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine ;

5

10

15

I pray

I pray thee, nay I conjure thee,
 To nourish, as thine owne,
 Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
 Till she to age be growne ;
 And then, as thou receivest it,
 Resigne to her my throne.

20

A promise had for his bequest,
 The testator he dies ;
 But all that Edel undertooke,
 He afterwards denies.

25

Yet well he educates a time
 The damfiell, that was growne
 The fairest lady under heaven ;
 Whose beautie being knowne,

30

A many princes seeke her love ;
 But none might her obtaine ;
 For grippell Edel to himselfe
 Her kingdome sought to gaine ;
 And for that cause from sight of such
 He did his ward restraine.

35

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
 A prince in Danke, did see
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,
 As much as man might bee,

40

Unhappie

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
 His saint was kept in mewe;
 Nor he, nor any noble-man
 Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
 He pines himselfe awaye;
 Anon he thought by force of arms
 To win her if he may:

And still agaist the kings restraint
 Did secretly invay.
 At length the high controller Love,
 Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
 Into a kitchen drudge,
 That so at least of life or death
 She might become his judge.

Access so had to see and speake,
 He did his love bewray,
 And tells his birth: her answer was
 She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
 His booty to atchieve,
 Nor caring what became of her,

236 A N C I E N T S O N G S

So he by her might thrive ;
At last his resolution was
Some peasant should her wife.

65

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.

70

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett perhaps his will.

Affured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe .
In his behalf did woe.

75

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree :

80

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth ;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

85

When

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguish in his hart
 Was more than much, and after her
 From court he did depart;

90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he mist)
 The foundresse of his thralle.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
 Or court, or stately townes,
 But solitarily to live
 Amongst the country grownes.

95

A brace of years he lived thus,
 Well pleased so to live,
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himselfe did wholly give.

100

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almost to the waine :
 But then began a second love,
 The worser of the twaine.

105

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
 Where Curan kept his sheepe,
 Did feed her drove : and now on her
 Was all the shepherds keepe.

110

He

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy ruffets oft,
 And of the bacon fat, to make
 His startopes blacke and soft.

And leaſt his tarbox ſhould offend,
 He left it at the folde.
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
 As muſh as it miſt hold.

A ſheeve of bread as browne as nut,
 And cheeſe as white as ſnow,
 And wildings, or the ſeafons fruit
 He diid in ſcrip beſtow.

And whiſt his py-bald curre diid ſleepe,
 And ſheep-hooke lay him by,
 On hollow quilles of oten ſtraw
 He piped melody.

But when he ſpyed her his ſaint,
 He whip'd his greaſie ſhooes,
 And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
 And thus the ſhepherd wooes.

“ I haue, ſweet wench, a peecē of cheeſe,
 “ As good as tooth may chaw,
 “ And bread and wildings ſouling well,
 (And therewithall diid draw

His

115

120

125

130

His larderie) “in eating, see, 135
 “ Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
 “ Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldest thou,
 “ If I might tup with thee.

“ Thou art too elvish, faith thou art, 140
 “ Too elvish and too coy.
 “ Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
 “ That such a flocke enjoy ?

“ I wis I am not : yet that thou 145
 “ Doest hold me in disdaine
 “ Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
 “ To all that keepe this plaine.

“ There be as quaint (at least that thinke
 “ Themselves as quaint) that crave
 “ The match, that thou, I wot not why,
 “ Maist, but mislik’st to have. 150

“ How wouldest thou match ? (for well I wot,
 “ Thou art a female) I
 “ Her ‘ knew I not e’er,’ that willingly
 “ With maiden-head would die.

“ The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
 “ And he a churle will prove :
 “ The craftsman hath more worke in hand
 “ Then fitteth unto love :
 “ The

" The marchant, traffiquing abroad,
 " Suspects his wife at home : 160
 " A youth will play the wanton ; and
 " An old man prove a mome.

 " Then chuse a shepheard : with the un
 " He doth his flocke unfold,
 " And all the day on hill or plaine 165
 " He merrie chat can hold ;

 " And with the sun doth folde againe ;
 " Then jogging home betime
 " He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
 " Or sings some merrie ryme. 170

 " Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
 " The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;
 " And fitteth singing care-away,
 " Till he to bed be got :

 " Theare sleepes he soundly all the night, 175
 " Forgetting morrow-cares ;
 " Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
 " Nor uttering of his wares ;

 " Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
 " Or cracke of credit lost : 180
 " Not spending franklier than his flocke
 " Shall still defray the cost.
 " Well

“ Well wot I, footh they say, that say
 “ More quiet nights and daies
 “ The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185
 “ Whose cattel he doth graize.

“ Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
 “ A man, and so am I :
 “ Content is worth a monarchie,
 “ And mischiefs hit the hie ; 190

“ As late it did a king and his
 “ Not dwelling far from hence,
 “ Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
 “ For fair a matchleſs wench.”——

Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
 Did egge him on to tell
 How faire she was, and who she was.
 “ She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

“ For beautie : though I clownish am,
 “ I know what beautie is ;
 “ Or did I not, at seeing thee,
 “ I fencelſe were to mis.

* * *

“ Her stature comely, tall ; her gate 205
 “ Well graced ; and her wit
 “ To marvell at, not meddle with,
 “ As matchless I omit.

“ A globe-like head, a gold-like haire, 210
 “ A forehead smooth, and hie,
 “ An even nose, on either side
 “ Did shine a grayish eie :

“ Two rosie cheekes, round ruddy lips,
 “ White just-set teeth within ;
 “ A mouth in meane ; and underneathe 215
 “ A round and dimpled chin.

“ Her snowie necke, with blewifh veines,
 “ Stood bolt upright upon
 “ Her portly shoulders : beating balles
 “ Her veined breasts, anon 220

“ Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
 “ Her middle falling still,
 “ And rising whereas women rise : ***
 “ — Imagine nothing ill.

“ And more, her long, and limber armes 225
 “ Had white and azure wrists ;
 “ And slender fingers aunswere to
 “ Her smooth and lillie fifts. “ A

“ A legge in print, a pretie foot ;
 “ Conjecture of the rest : 230
 “ For amorous eies, obseruing forme,
 “ Think parts obscured best.

“ With these O raretie ! with these
 “ Her tong of speech was spare ;
 “ But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, 235
 “ The balle from Ide to bear.

“ With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
 “ Herselfe contends in face ;
 “ Wheare equall mixture did not want
 “ Of milde and stately grace, 240

“ Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
 “ Were chearefull unto all :
 “ Even such as neither wanton seeme,
 “ Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.

“ A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245
 “ And not disdaining any ;
 “ Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and
 “ Sweete faculties had many.

“ A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie ;
 “ Might praise, might wish, might see ; 250
 “ For life, for love, for forme ; more good,
 “ More worth, more faire than shce.

244 ANCIENT SONGS

“ Yea such an one, as such was none,
 “ Save only she was such :
 “ Of Argentile to say the most
 “ Were to be silent much.”

255

I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,
 The neatresse said : and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze
 The coote of beautie. Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies.

260

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
 But wherefore dost thou weep ?
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
 And both doe silence keepe.

265

“ In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
 “ As seeming I professe :
 “ But then for her, and now for thee,
 “ I from myselfe digresse.

270

“ Her loved I (wretch that I am
 “ A recreant to be)
 “ I loved her, that hated love,
 “ But now I die for thee.

“ At Kirkland is my fathers court,
 “ And Curan is my name,

275

“ In

A N D B A L L A D S.

245

“ In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
“ Till love contrould the same :

“ But now—what now ?—dear heart, how now ?
“ What ailest thou to weepe ?” 280
The damfell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much
That you did love so much :
But whom your former could not move, 285
Your second love doth touch,

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,. 290
In passion, not in person chaung'd,
And I my lord am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end, 295
Did tenderly imbrace ;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengift then
Was named so this land) 300
Then Curan had an hardier knight ;

His force could none withstand :
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime

305

In Argentile her right,
 He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
 Bernicia * too in fight :

And so from trecherous Edel tooke

310

At once his life and crowne,
 And of Northumberland was king,
 Long raigning in renowne.

* * During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 counties) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

XXIV.

CORIN's FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; they are extracted from the quarto MS. mentioned in vol. I. p. 66. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN,

CORIN, most unhappy swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke ?
Little foode is on the plaine ;
Full of danger in the rocke :

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes ;

5

Forests tangled are with brakes :

Meadowes subject are to floodes ;

Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,

Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,

10

Hunger will as surely kill :

How may then reliefe be found ?

Such is hapless Corins fate ;

Since my waywarde love begunne

Equall doubts begett debate

15

What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;

Yet to speke will move disdaine :

If I see her not I blced,

Yet her sight augments my paine.

20

What may then poor Corin doe ?

Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell ;

For to linger thus in woe

Is the lover's sharpest hell.

XXV.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly banded down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens, the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

" Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for coveteise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she were about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlain to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could safien upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herself could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laugbed at to here it then so sodainly so bigly taken, — that she was gaught of her body. And for shys cause (as a goodly continent prince, cleane and faultles of himself, sent oure of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper

“ in her band. In whiche she went in countenance and pace
 “ demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array
 “ save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye
 “ while the wondering of the people caste a comly rul in her
 “ chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great
 “ shame wan her much praise among those that were more
 “ amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many
 “ good folke also, that bated her living, and glad wer to se
 “ sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced
 “ therin, when thei confidred that the protec^{on} procured it
 “ more of a corrupt intent, then ani vertuous affection.

“ This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended,
 “ honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving some-
 “ what to soone; her busande an honest citizen, yonge, and
 “ goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche, as they
 “ were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently
 “ loued, for whom she never longed. Whiche was happily
 “ the thinge, that the more easly made her encline unto the
 “ king’s appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect
 “ of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure and
 “ other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender
 “ bearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her
 “ husband (as he was an honest man and one that could his
 “ good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up
 “ to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamber-
 “ len [Hastings] toke her*: whiche in the kinges daies, albeit
 “ he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either
 “ for reverence, or for a certain frendry faithfulness.

“ Proper

* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV’s queen. In Rymer’s *Fædera* is a proclamation of Richard dated at Leicester Oct. 23. 1483. wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking “ Thomas late marquis of Dorset,” who “ not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnable debauched and defiled many maidis, widowis, and wifes, and LIVED IN ACTUAL ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE.” Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a bundle of these pretended baucberies to get him apprehended.

“ Proper she was, and faire : nothing in her body that you
 “ wold have changed, but if you would have twisched her
 “ somewhat bigher. Thus say they that knew her in her
 “ yowthe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
 “ LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose
 “ judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should
 “ gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe
 “ taken out of the charnel-house ; for now is she old, leze,
 “ withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and
 “ hard bone. And yet being even such, who so wel advise
 “ her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled,
 “ wold make it a faire face.

“ Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her plea-
 “ sant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could bothe
 “ rede wel and write ; mery in company, redy and quick of
 “ answyer, neither mutte nor ful of bable ; sometime taunting
 “ without displeasure, and not without disport. The king
 “ wold say, That be bad threes concubines, which in threes
 “ divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another
 “ the wiliest, the thirde the boliest barlot in his realme, as one
 “ whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place,
 “ but it were to his bed. The other two were somewhat
 “ greater personages, and natheles of their humilitie content
 “ to be nameles, and to forberre the praye of thos properties,
 “ but the meriest was this Sboris wife, in whom the king
 “ therfore toke special pleasure. For many be bad, but her be
 “ loved ; whose favour to sei the trouth (for sinne it were to
 “ belie the devyl) she never abused to any mans burt, but to
 “ many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke
 “ displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease his mind :
 “ where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his
 “ grace : for many, that had highly offended, she obtained
 “ pardon : of great forfeitures she gate men remission : and
 “ finally in many weighty lutes she stode many men in gret
 “ stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather
 “ gay than rich : either for that she was content with the
 “ dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto,
 “ and to shew what she was able to do wyth the king, or for
 “ that wanyon women and welthy be not alway covetous.

" I doubt not some shal think this woman too staight a thing
 " to be written of, and set amoung the remembraunces of great
 " matters : whicb thei shal specially think, that happily shal
 " esteme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER. But me semeth
 " the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in
 " how much she is NOW in the more beggerly condicion, un-
 " frended and worne out of acquaintance, after good sub-
 " stance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete
 " fute and seeking to with al thosé, that in those days had
 " busynes to sped, as many other men were in their times,
 " whicb be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes.
 " Her doinges were not much leſſe, albeit thei be mucbe leſſe
 " remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if
 " they have an evil turne, to write it in marble ; and whoſo
 " doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not
 " worſt proved by her ; for AT THIS DAYE ſhee beggeth of
 " many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if
 " ſhee had not bene." See More's workes, folio bl. let. 1557.
 pag. 56, 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epifle from this lady to
 her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus drawes her por-
 trait. " Her stature was meane, her baire of a dark yellow,
 " her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony be-
 " ing betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's
 " colour, her body fat, white and ſmooth, her countenance
 " cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture whicb I
 " have ſeen of hers was ſuch as ſhee roſe out of her bed in the
 " morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle caſt under
 " one arme over her ſhoulder, and ſitting on a chaire, on
 " whicb her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was,
 " or where ſhee was borne, is not certainly knowne : but Shore
 " a young man of right goodly person, wealth and behaviour,
 " abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine.
 " Richard III. cauſing her to do open penance in Paul's church
 " -yard, COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE
 " HER, whicb the tyrant did not ſo much for his hatred to
 " ſinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might
 " cover

" cover his horribble treasons the more cunningly." See *England's Heroical epistles by Mich. Drayton Esq; Lond. 1637. 12mo.*

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is "The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of LIVE WITH ME, &c. [See the next vol.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen,

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king,

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine ;
And I their pleasure to fulfille
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life ;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

5

16

15

In

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle,
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

20

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chafft love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd :

25

Yet mistres Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

30

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

35

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
That I had made so sweet a choice ;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

40

254 ANCIENT SONGS

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content ;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climbe ;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting ;
From England then he goes away,
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame ;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte,
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But

45

50

55

60

But yet a gentle minde I bore
 To helpleſſe people, that were poore ;
 I ſtill redrefte the orphans crye,
 And ſav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

65

I ſtill had ruth on widowes tears,
 I ſuccour'd babes of tender yeaſes ;
 And never look'd for other gaine
 But love and thankes for all my paine.

70

At laſt my royaſt king did dye,
 And then my dayes of woe grew nigh ;
 When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
 King Edwards friends were ſoon put downe.

75

I then was puniſht for my ſin,
 That I ſo long had lived in ;
 Yea, every one that was his friend,
 This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
 That made a ſtrumpet of a wife,
 I penance did in Lombard-street,
 In shamefull manner in a ſheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
 Who late in court my credit knewe ;
 Which made the teares run down my face,
 To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

85

Not

256 ANCIENT SONGS

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should mee relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

98

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

95

But she denied to me the same
When in my need for them I came ;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

100

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late ;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me.

105

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed ;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

110

Then

*Then those to whom I had done good,
Durst not afford mee any food ;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

115

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life ;
Both fucking babes, and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed ;
Nor drīnk, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

125

Thus, weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

130

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers faye * ,

VOL. II.

R

Which

* But it had this name long before ; being so called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.

258 ANCIENT SONGS

Which is a witness of my finne,
For being concubine to a king.

135

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just ;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

140

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one ?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove ;
Women be warn'd when you are wifes,
What plagues are due to sinful lives :

145

Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK



A ~~RE~~ C E ~~RE~~
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

The following old allegoric satire is printed from the editor's folio MS. This manner of moralizing, if not first adopted by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

R 2

ON

ON THE METRE

OF

PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius*, that the ancient Icelandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mention 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first, or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples †.

“ Meire og minne	“ Gab ginunga
Mogu heimdaller.”	Enn gras huerge.”

There were many other little niceties observed by the Icelandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time

to

* *Literatura Rúnica. Hafniae 1636. 4to. — 1651. fol.* The ISLANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. See “Five pieces of Runic poetry translated from the Icelandic language, “ 1763.” 8vo.

† *Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. 1. p. 217.*

to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters : *

I know not however that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

“ In a somer season, | when ‘ bot † was the sunne,
“ I slope me into sbroubs, | as I a slope were ;
“ In habite as an barmet | unholie of werkes,
“ Went wyde in thy world | wonders to beare, &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals; tho' the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these VISIONS OF PIERCE [i. e. Peter] the PLOWMAN, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born

* *Ibid.*

[†] So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either 'joyt' as in MSS., or 'set' as in FCC.

born at Mortimer's Clebury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx PASSUS or BREAKS*, exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excells in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit and fancy censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Roberte Crowley dwelling in Elie tenement in Wolburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title page as both of the second impression, tho' they contain evident variations in every page †. The other is said to be newlye imprented after the authord's olde copy . . . by Owen Rogers; Feb. 21. 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, intituled PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. It begins thus,

“ Cros, and curteis Chriſt, this beginning sped
 “ For the faders frendſhipe, that fourmed heauen,
 “ And through the ſpecial ſpirit, that ſprung of hem tweyne,
 “ And al in one godbed' endles dwelleib.”

The

* The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word PASSUS, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves.

† That which seems the first of the two, is thus diſtinguished in the title page, nowe the ſeconde tyme imprented by Roberte Crowley; the other thus, nowe the ſeconde time imprented by Roberte Crowley. In the former the folios are thus erroneouſly numbered 39. 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. &c. The booksellers of those days were not ſo ſcenſitious of multiplying editions.

The author feigns himself ignorant of his creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friars of St. Francis, the black friars of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friars, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living*. Now that reformer dyed in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems†, two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (the perhaps the latest written) is intitled THE SEGE OF IERLAM. [i. e. Jerusalem] being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous fignments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,

“ In Tyberius tyme · the trewe emperour
 “ Syr Sesar hymself · bested in Rome
 “ Whyll Pylat was provoste · under that prynce ryche
 “ And Jewes justice also · of Judeas londe
 “ Herode under empere · as berytage wolde
 “ Kyng, &c.”

The other is intitled CHEVELERE ASSIGNE [or De Cigne], that is “ The Knight of the Swan,” being an ancient Romance, beginning thus,

“ All weldyngē God · whene it is his wylle
 “ Wele he wereth his werke · with his owene bonde
 “ For ofte harnes were hente · that helpe we ne myzte

R 4

“ Nere

* Signature C. 15.

† Caligula A. ij. fol. 109, 123.

“ *Nere the byxnes of hym · that lengtheth in hevene*
 “ *For this &c.*

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays*, is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same knight of the swan, “ newly translated out of Frenshe in to Englyshe at thin-“ stigacion of the puyssaut and illustryous prynce, lorde“ Edward duke of Buckynghame.” This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this “ bigbe dygne and illustryous“ prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buck-“ yngbam, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde and Northampton, de-“ syryng cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame“ of such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphauant“ actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and syre every lusty and“ gentell herte by the exemplifacyon of the same, hauyng a“ goodli booke of the bighe and miraculouſe histori of a famous“ and puyssaut kyng, named Oryant, sometime reynyng in the“ parties of beyonde the sea, bavynge to his wife a noble lady;“ of whombe ſhe conceyved ſixe ſonnes and a daughter, and“ chylded of them at one only tyme; at whose byrbe ecbone“ of them had a chayne of ſylver at their neckes, the whiche“ were all tourued by the proxydence of god into wbyte ſwannes“ (ſave one) of the whiche this preſent hystory is compyled,“ named Helyas, the knight of the Swanne, OF WHOME“ LINIALLY IS DYSCEDED MY SAYDE LORDE. The“ whiche entently to have the sayde hystory more ampli and“ unyversally knownen in thyſ bys natif countrie, as it is in“ other, bath of bys bie bountie by ſome of his faithful“ and truſti ſervauntes coborted mi mayſter Wynkin de“ Worde † to put the ſaid vertuous hystori in printe. at“ whose iſtigacion and ſtiring I (Roberte Copland) bave“ me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and“ tranſlate it into our maternal and vulgare engliſh tonge“ after the capacite and rudeneſſe of my weke entendement.”

— A

* X. Vol. † W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Amer.
 p. 92. Mr. G's copy is “ Imprinted at London by me William Copland.

— A curious picture of the times. While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under Leo X, the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous KNIGHT OF THE SWAN*.

To return to the metre of *Pierce Plowman*; In the folio M.S. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intituled *DEATH AND LIFE*, (in 2 fits or parts, containing 458 distichs) which for ought that appears may have been written as early, if not before, the time of *Langland*. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the poem, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

“ Christ christen king,
that on the crosse tholed;
“ Hadd paines and paffyons
to defend our soules;
“ Give us grace on the ground
the greatlye to ser-ve,
“ For that royll red blood
that rann from thy side.”

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady dame LIFE," and the "ugly fiend dame DEATH;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of dame Life is

“ Shee was brighter of her blee,
then was the bright sonn :
“ Her rudd redder then the rose,
that on the rise hangeth :
“ Meekely smiling with her mouth,
And merry in her lookes,
“ Ever

* He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, thro' whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This Duke was beheaded, May 17. 1521. 13 Hen. VIII.

" Ever laughing for love,
 as shee like would.
 " And as shee came by the bankes,
 the bougnes eche one
 " They lowted to that ladye,
 and layd forth their branches;
 " Blossomes, and burgens
 breathed full sweete;
 " Flowers flourished in the fritb,
 where shee forth stepped;
 " And the gracie, that was gray,
 greened believe."

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 27th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in pag. 27, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into disticks, e. g.

" Grant gracious God,
 grant me this time Sc.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FEILDE (in 2 FITTS, 420 disticks,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9. 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural,

" Then we tild downe our tents,
 that told were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself,

" He was a gentleman by Jesu,
 that this geft made:

“ Which say but as he sayd *
 for sooth and noe other.
 “ At Bagily that bearne
 his biding place had ;
 “ And his ancestors of old time
 haue yearded theire longe,
 “ Before William conquerour
 this cuntry did inhabit.
 “ Jesu bring ‘ them † to blisse,
 that brought us forth of BALE,
 “ That bath barkened me heare
 or beard my TALE.”

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, of which county the author appears to have been from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the alliterative measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those, who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of *Pierce Plowman* †.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form; the author of *SCOTTISH FIELD*, we see, concludes his poem with a couplet of rhymes; this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for

the

* Probably corrupted for — ‘ says but as he saw.’ † ‘ us’ MS.

‡ And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

the general admission of that more modish ornament. When rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of alliteration were, at first retained with it : the song of LITTLE JOHN NOBODY exhibits this union very clearly. It may also be traced, tho' not so perfectly, in an older poem by no means inelegant, intituled A DIALOGUE [between a falcon and pye] DEFENSIVE FOR WOMEN AGAYNST MALICIOUS DETRACTOURES. The author's name ROBERT VAGHANE is prefixed to a few epiloguizing sonnets at the end of the book, which thus concludes ¶ Thus endeth the falcon and the pye. Anno Dni. 1542. ¶ Impynted by me Rob. Wyer for Richard Bankes, &c. If this dissertation were not already too prolix I could give some pleasing extracts from this poem.

To proceed; the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without the more fashionable ornament of rhyme, and therefore rhyme was superadded. This correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet and fully satisfying the reader, the internal imbellishment of alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common burlesque alexandrine*, now never used but in songs and pieces of low humour, as in the following ballad, and that well-known doggerel,

“ A

* What is here called the burlesque alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure : see examples p. 152. &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen,

“ The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thri were so rive,
 “ Seve kingdoms made in Englonde, and surthe but wive :
 “ The king of Northbomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
 “ Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March thereto.”

“A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall.”

But albo' this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity: the French heroic verse is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our doggrell of its alliteration and fettered with rhyme. But, less restrained than ours, it still exercises its ancient power of augmenting and contracting the number of its syllables, its harmony wholly depending on the disposal of the pause, and adjustment of the cadence. It is remarkable that while the heroic verse of the English, Italian, and Spanish poets is invariably limited to ten syllables*, that of the French, a loose rambling kind of measure, is confined to no certain number, but admits of such variety that a verse of eleven syllables shall not unfrequently be coupled to another of fourteen. This freedom better fits it for the loose numbers of stage, than for the more stately measure of Epic poetry. The *Visions of Pierce Plowman* and other pieces in the alliterative metre, exhibit the same variety, with a cadence so exactly resembling the heroic measure of the French poets, that no peculiarity of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. Take a few instances both in single and double rhymes, confronted with part of the description of DEATH, in the old allegorical poem abovementioned. In these I shall denote the pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin prosody †.

L6

* Or eleven, when terminated with a double rhyme. I believe both the Spanish and English poets borrowed their heroic verse of ten syllables from the Italian, or perhaps Provençal Bards.

† The French verse properly consists of four Anapests [˘˘˘] tho' to vary the cadence they are often intermingled with Spondees, Lambics, Trochees, &c.

Lë siccës füt toüjoürs | ün enfant dë l' äudace :
 L' hëmmme prüdënt vöit tröp | l' illüsson lë füt,
 L' intrëpide vöit mieu | et lë fantome füt.

Catalina aft 3.

“ Sbë wäi näk't äs my näil | bëtb ätöve änd bëlow :
 “ Här cbëks wöre länk, leäne, | bët lippes wöre füll siðe,
 “ änd bët lïre like käd | tbät wäi lät eljy bëet.”

Mëme aüx yeü dë l' injüste | ün injüste äst hörriblé.
 Boileau Sat.
 “ Wïtib ä märvölois möuib | tbät wäi füll yf lëng tüfbëz.”

Dü mënsönge toüjoürs | lë vräi dämëure mäitië :
 Pour päröitrë hönnëte hömme | en ün môt, il faut l' ètré.”
 Boil. Sat. 11.
 “ And . . . tbë füüleß frëake | tbät fürmëd wäi èvër,
 “ Sbë wäi wöndër lëng änd leäne | änd ell löddyë të see të.”

*To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's *Visions* has no kind of relation with what is commonly called blank verse, yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause. So that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing, but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only somewhat less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.*

AS I walked of late by an wood side,
 To God for to meditate was mine entent ;
 Where under an hawthorne I suddenly spyed
 A filly poore creature ragged and rent,
 With bloody teares his face was besprent,
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay. 5

This made me muse, and much ' to' desire
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee ;

I slept

I stept to him straight, and did him require
 His name and his secrets to shew unto mee.
 His head he cast up, and woeful was hee,
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd me fitdowne,
 And I will, faith he, declare my whole greefe ; 16
 My, name is called, CONSCIENCE :—wheratt he did
 frowne,
 He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
 ‘ Thoughe now, silly wretche, I’m denyed all releefe,’
 ‘ Yet ’ while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20
 I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
 For with the kinges councell I sate in commission ;
 Dukes, earles, and barons esteem’d of my name ;
 And how that I liv’d there, needs no repetition : 25
 I was ever holden in honest condition,
 For how-e’er the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
 When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
 But one pore peny, that was their fine ; 30
 And that they acknowledged to be for my fake.
 The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine :
 I ruled the world with the right line :
 For nothing ere passed betweene foe and friend,
 But Conscience was callel to be at the end. 35
 Noe

272 ANCIENT SONGS

Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold make
 But I was called a witnesse thereto :
 No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
 But I wold controule them, if that they did doe :
 And that makes me live now in great woe, 40
 For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
 That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names ' thus they call '
 That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside :
 They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-fall; 45
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
 And ' now ever since' abroad have I tryed
 To have had entertainment with some one or other ;
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to Court the gallants to winne, 50
 But the porter kept me out of the gate :
 To Bartle'mew spittle to pray for my sinne,
 They bade me 'goe packe, itt was fit for my state ;
 Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
 With whom I ever esteemed have beene. 56

Then went I to London, where once I did dwell :
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name ;
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell !
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame; 60
 They laught at my raggs, and there had good game ;

This is old thread-bare Conscience, that dwelt with
saint Peter ;
But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know ;
I having but one poore pennye in my purse, 65
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow ;
For I thought better cobble shoes than to doe worse :
Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to seeke where I was
borne. 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did fit,
Not doubting but there I favor shold find,
Sith my name and the place agreed soe fit ;
But sure of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75
For 'thoughe' the judge usd my name in every com-
mission,
The lawyers with their quilletts wold get my dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was no place for me ;
Good lord ! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, left there I shold bee ! 80
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble ;
I shewed them my cause, and did not dissemble ;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants faid, Counterfeite, get thee away, 85
 Dost thou remember how we thee fond ?
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land,
 And there thou and wee most friendly shooke hand,
 And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us ; 90
 For when we wold reape thou woldst accuse us ;

Then had I noe way, but for to go on
 To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name ;
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
 Telling how their forefathers had held me in fame ; 95
 And at letting their farmes how always I came.
 They sayd, Fye upon thee ! we may thee curse :
 Theire leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
 To husbandmens houses, who greeved right sore, 100
 And sware that their landlords had plagued them soe,
 That they were not able to keepe open dore,
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore :
 Therfore to this wood I doe me repayre,
 Where hepps and hawes, it is my best fare. 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
 Of Mercye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds ;
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave,
 We are all put to silence, and live upon weeds,
 And hence such cold houfe-keeping proceeds :

110
 Our

Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
To goe to the Clergie ; for daylie they preach
Eche man to love you above all the rest ; 115
Of Mercye and Pittye and Almes-deeds they teache.
O, said he, noe matter a pin what they preache,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes they can give none.

Then laid he him downie, and turned him away, 120
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live on the best.
First, said he, banishe Pride, then England were blest,
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land, 125
And then good house-keeping wold revive out of hand.

II.

PLAIN TRUTH; AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany intituled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient father,
 And give you a good daye ;
 What is the cause, I praye you,
 So sadly here you staye ?
 And that you keep such gazing
 On this decayed place,
 The which for superstition,
 Good princes dewn did raze ?

5

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,
 That zometimes che have knowne
 A vair and goodly abbey
 Stand here of bricke and stone,
 And many a holy vrier,
 As ich may say to thee,
 Within these goodly cloysters
 Che did full often zee.

10

15

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
 In truthe and veritiè,
 A sort of greater hypocrites
 Thou couldst not likely see ;
 Deceiving of the simple
 With false and feigned lies :
 But such an order truly
 Christ never did devise.

20

IGNORANCE.

IGNORANCE.

Ah ! ah ! che zmell thee now, man ; 25
 Che know well what thou art ;
 A yellow of mean learning,
 Che was not worth a vart :
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then ; 50
 And every thing was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou giveft me an anſwer,
 As did the Jewes ſometimes
 Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35
 When he accus'd their crimes :
 'Twas merry, ſayd the people,
 And joyfull in our rea'me,
 When we did offer ſpice-cakes
 Unto the queen of heav'n. 40

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good yellowe,
 Before the vriers went hence,
 A bushell of the beſt wheate
 Was zold vor yourteen pence,
 And worty egges a penny, 45
 That were both good and newe ;
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

278 A N C I E N T S O N G S

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plaine, 50
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine ;
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde ;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde. 55

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke ;
Tis too big to be true. 60
Our blessed ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe,
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,
The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,, 65
For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read :
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons, 70
As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham sure they were not voolishe
 That made the masse, che trowe :
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75
 And vools not Latine knowe,
 Were not our fathers wise men,
 And they did like it well,
 Who very much rejoiced
 To heare the zacring bell ? 80

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
 As I may say to thee,
 Have wisht the light that you have,
 And could it never see ;
 For what art thou the better 85
 A Latin song to heare,
 And understandest nothing,
 That they sing in the quiere.

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
 The noise was passing trim
 To heare the vriers zinging, 90
 As we did enter in :
 And then to zee the rood loft
 Zo bravely zet with zaints ;—
 But now to zee them wandring
 My heart with zorrow vaints. 95

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
 No image thou shouldest make,
 Nor that unto idolatry
 You shouldest your self betake :
 The golden calf of Israel
 Moses did therefore spoile ;
 And Baal's priests and temple
 Were brought to utter foile.

100

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham
 Was a pure and holy zaint,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did shew to her complaint ;
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
 And many other moe ;
 The holy maid of Kent * likewise
 Did many wonders zhows.

105

110

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
 To yður profession sure ;
 And to the men that made them,
 So precious and so pure ;
 The one for being a traytoure,
 Met an untimely death ;
 The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath.

115

120

IGNORANCE.

* By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap. 21. 1534. *Stcrv*, p. 570.

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille :
 But sure they did much goodnesse ;
 Would they were with us stille !
 We had our holy water,
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw before our eyes.

125

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
 With vain and empty shewe,
 Which never Christ commanded,
 As learned doctors knowe :
 Search then the holy scriptures,
 And thou shalt plainly see
 That headlong to damnation
 They alway trained thee.

130

135

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good yollowe,
 As thou doft zay to mee,
 Unto my heavenly fader
 Alone then will I flee :
 Believing in the Gospel,
 And passion of his zon,
 And with the zubtil papistes
 Ich have for ever done.

140

III. THE

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired “if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord’s crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.” The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot, interpreting his master’s words, told them in French, that his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate’s porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, “Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?” Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, “I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.” Soon after

after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or extasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. 2. Book 3. Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give ;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

5

When

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10
 In scornfull sort they led him forthe
 Unto his dying place ;
 Where thousand thousands in the streeete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the streeete he wente,
 And nothing found but churlish tauntes,
 By every ones confente : 20
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to fainte,
 With blood and water sweat.

Being wearey thus, he sought for rest,
 To ease his burthened soule, 25
 Upon a stome ; the which a wretch
 Did churlifly controul ;
 And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here : 30
 Pass on ; thy execution place
 Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;
At which our Saviour sayd,

I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke, 35
And have no journey stayed.

With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along. 40

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled
Without returning backe againe 45
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No easie, nor hearts content ; 50
No house, no home, no biding place :
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt 55
Of his fore-paſſed ill.

Thus

Thus after some fewe ages past
 In wandring up and downe,
 He much again desired to see
 Jerusalams renowne, 60
 But finding it all quite destroyd,
 He wandred thence with woe,
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
 To vereifie and shewe.

I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke, 65
 So doth this wandring Jewe
 From place to place, but cannot rest
 For seeing countries newe ;
 Declaring still the power of him,
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70
 And of all things done in the east,
 Since Christ his death, he shewes.

The world he hath still compast round
 And seene those nations strange,
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75
 Their idol gods doe change :
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
 Of time forepast, and gone,
 And to the princes of the worlde
 Declares his cause of moane : 80

Desiring

Desiring still to be diffolv'd,
 And yeild his mortal breath ;
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
 He shall not yet see death.

For neither lookes he old nor young,
 But as he did those times,
 When Christ did suffer on the crosse
 For mortall sinners crimes.

85

H' hath past through many a foreigne place,
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
 And throughout all Hungaria :
 Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
 Those blest apostles deare ;
 There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
 In countries far, and neare.

90

95

And lately in Bohemia,
 With many a German towne ;
 And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
 He wandreth up and downe :
 Where learned men with him conferre
 Of those his lingering dayes,
 And wonder much to heare him tell
 His journeys, and his wayes.

100

If

238 ANCIENT SONGS

If people give this Jew an almes, 105
 The most that he will take
 Is not above a groat a time ;
 Which he, for Jesus' sake,
 Will kindlye give unto the poore,
 And thereof make no spare,
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ
 Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was feene to lauge nor smile,
 But weepe and make great moane ;
 Lamenting still his miseries, 115
 And dayes forepast and gone :
 If he heare any one blasphemē,
 Or take God's name in vaine,
 He telles them that they crucifie
 Their Saviour Christ againe. 120

If you had feene his death, saith he,
 As these mine eyes have done,
 Ten thoufand thoufand times would yee
 His torments think upon :
 And suffer for his sake all paine
 Of torments, and all woes. 125
 These are his wordes and eke his life
 Whereas he comes or goes.

IV. THE

IV.

T H E L Y E,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

— is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled “ Davison’s Poems, or a poetical Rapsodie devided into sixe bookeſ The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621. 12mo.” This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29. 1618. But this must be a miſtake, for there were at leaſt two editions of Davison’s poems before that time, one in 1608 *: the other in 1611 †. So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed ſoon after his condemnation in 1603.

GOE, ſoule, the bodies gueſt,
Upon a thankeleſſe arrant;
Feare not to touch the beſt,
The truth ſhall be thy warrant:
Goe, ſince I needs muſt dye,
And give the world the lye.

VOL. II.

T

Goe

. 5.

* Catalog. of T. Rawlinſon 17. .

† Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either loſt or miſlaid.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Goe tell the church it showes
 What's good, and doth no good :
 If church, and court reply,
 Then give them both the lye.

10

Till potentates they live
 Acting by others actions,
 Not lov'd unlesse they give,
 Not strong but by their factions :
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lye.

15

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affirs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practise only hate ;
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lye.

20

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
 Who in their greatest cost
 Seek nothing but commanding ;
 And if they make reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

25

30

Tell

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;
 Tell love it is but lust ;
 Tell time, it is but motion ;
 Tell flesh, it is but dust ;
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lye.

35

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
 Tell honour, how it alters ;
 Tell beauty, how she blasteth ;
 Tell favour, how she falters ;
 And as they shall reply,
 Give each of them the lye.

40

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of nicenesse ;
 Tell wisedome, she entangles
 Herselfe in over-wisenesse ;
 And if they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lye.

45

Tell physicke of her boldnesse ;
 Tell skill, it is pretension ;
 Tell charity of coldnesse ;
 Tell law, it is contention ;
 And as they yield reply,
 So give them still the lye.

50

Tell fortune of her blindnesse ;

55

Tell nature of decay ;

Tell friendship of unkindnesse ;

Tell justice of delay :

And if they dare reply,

Then give them all the lye.

60

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,

But vary by esteeming ;

Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,

And stand too much on seeming :

If arts, and schooles reply,

65

Give arts, and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie ;

Tell how the countrey erreth ;

Tell, manhood shakes off pitie ;

Tell, vertue least preferreth :

70

And, if they doe reply,

Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou haft, as I

Commanded thee, done blabbing,

Although to give the lye

75

Deserves no les than stabbing,

Yet stab at thee, who will,

No stab the soule can kill.

V.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former volume. See book I. ballad XIV. and book II. ballad IV. — If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

L ORD Thomas and fair Annet
 Sate a' day on a hill;
 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
 They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

5

Fair Annet took it ill:

A' ! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.

T.3

Gif

294 A N C I E N T S O N G S

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee :

10

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to mee :
 O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let faire Annet bee ?

45

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she has gat nane ;
 And the little beauty fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane !

20

And he has till his brother gane :
 Now brother rede ye mee ;
 A' fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye ;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye.

25

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre ;
 And I fall hae nothing to my fell,
 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

30

And he has till his sister gane :

Now sister rede ye mee ;

O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,

35

And set fair Annet free ?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne bride alane ;

Left ye sould figh and fay, Alace !

What is this we brought hame ?

40

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,

And marrie me owt o' hand ;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride ;

Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father

45

Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower,

Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,

Put on your sicken sheene ;

Let us gae to St. Maries kirke

And fee that rich weddeen.

50

My maides, gae to my dressing roome,

And dres to me my hair ;

Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,

55

See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing room,
 And dres to me my smock ;
 The one half is o' the holland fine,
 The other o' needle-work.

60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' filler he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty filler bells
 Wer a' tyed till his mane,
 And yae tift o' the norland wind,
 They tinkled aye by aye.

65

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
 Rade by fair Annets side,
 And four and twanty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.

70

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
 She sat on Maries stean ;
 The cleading that fair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

75

And whan she cam into the kirk
 She shimmer'd like the sun,
 The belt that was about her waist,
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

80

She

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they wer fae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
 Whan fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand, 85
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite ; 90
 And whair gat ye that rose-water,
 That does mak yee fae white ?

O I did get the rose-water,
 Whair ye wull neir get nane,
 For I did get that very rose-water 95
 Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
 Frae out her gay head gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak nevir mair. 100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
 And marvelit what mote bee :
 But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
 A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drove it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit. 105

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd ; 110
Than strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell dead by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere. 115

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare. 120

VI.

CORYDON's DOLEFUL KNEEL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some correction, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of princely delights."

TH

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest,

“ Full fadom five thy father lies,
 “ Of his bones are corall made ;
 “ Those are pearles that were his eyes ;
 “ Nothing of him, that doth fade,
 “ But doth suffer a sea-change
 “ Into something rich and strange :
 “ Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
 “ Harke now I beare them, Ding dong bell.”

[“ Burthen, Ding dong.”]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

MY Phillida, adieu love !
 For evermore farewell !
 Ay me ! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead !
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

5

For

300 ANCIENT SONGS

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made :
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

19

Her corfpe shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

15

Her herfe it shall be carried
By youths, that do excell :
And when that she is buried
I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

20

A garland shall be framed
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will :
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow ;
But chiefly black and yellowe *
With her to grave shall go.
Ding, &c.

25

* See above, pag. 175.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen,
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.
 Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest co'ours,
 Set forth with curious art,
 Her image shall be painted
 On my distressed heart.
 Ding, &c.

• And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 " Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 " That e'er gave shepheard care." 40
 Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne ;
 Blacke shall be all my weede,
 Ay me ! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45
 My Phillida is dead !
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

VII.

K, JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled, "KING "JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth revising, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers: for besides the two copies abovementioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intitled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT." Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this stinging moral,

*"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
"When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."*

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, "To the tune of Derry down."

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye ;
How for his house-keeping, and high renoune,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renoune,
I feare thou work'ſt treason againſt my crowne.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the fame thou needeft must dye,
For except thou canſt answer me questions threē,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And firſt, quo' the king, when I'm in this ſtead,
With my crowne of golde ſo faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men ſo noble of birthe
Thou muſt tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye,

304 ANCIENT SONGS

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about ; 30
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace, as yet ;
But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou haft to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
How now, my lord abbot, you're welcome home ;
What newes do you bring us from good king John ?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live : 50
For if I do not answere him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
 To within one penny of what he is worthe.

55

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soone he may ride this whole world about :
 And at the thirde question I must not shrinke,
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

60

Now cheare up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet,
 That a fool may learn a wise man witt ?
 Lend me horse, and serving-meh, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to Londen to answere your quarrel.

Nay frownt not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ; 70
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sir abbot, the king did say,
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three,
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

75

306 , A N C I E N T S O N G S

And first, when thou feest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am wōrth.

80

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel * ,
I did not think I had been worth so littel !
—Now seconday tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about.

90

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone !
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

96

Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;

But

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to ~~beg~~ pardon for him and for mee. 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this daye in his place!
Now naye, my liege, be not in such spedde,
For slacke I can neither write, ne reade.

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jaſt thou haſt ſhowne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou haſt brought him a pardon from good king John.

VIII.

VERSES BY K. JAMES I.

As in the former book we gave two sonnets of Q. Elizas, betw, we were willing to afford the reader a short specimen of the poetical talents of her successor James I. and we the rather selected this, as it shows his majesty's dexterity at punning, and is mentioned in no catalogue of his works. It properly consists of long alexandrines, and is preserved in "A choice collection of Scots poems," 8vo. part II. Edinburgh, 1709.

"K. James (says the editor of that book) having returned to Sterling the 18th of July, 1617, on the morrow designed with his presence some philosophick disputations; and gave the following character of the performers;"

A S Adam was the first of men,
 whence all beginning takt:
 So Adamson was president,
 and first man in this act.
 The theses Fairlie did defend,
 which, though they lies contein,
 Yet were fair lies, and he the same
 right fairlie did mainteⁿ.
 The feild first entred Master Sands,
 and there he made me see,
 That not all sands are barren sands,
 but that some fertile bee.
 Then Master Young most subtilie,
 the theses did impugne,
 And kythed old in Aristotle,
 althogh his name be Young.
 To him succeeded Master Reid,
 who, though Reid be his name,
 Neids neither for his dispute bl^{as}fe
 nor of his speech think shame.
 Last entred Master King the lists,
 and disput like a king,
 How reason reigning, as a queene,
 shuld anger under-bring.
 To their deserved praise have I
 thus playd upon their names,
 And wil's their colledge hence be cal'd
 the colledge of king JAMES.

5

10

15

20

25

IX. THE

IX.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

It is owing to an oversight that this old ballad is not placed bigger in the volume. It is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; some breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne seems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

L I THE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne :
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

5

31b ANCIENT SONGS

To spend the daye with merry cheare;
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

10

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare;
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were, the king himselfe;
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

15

See fates this unthriftie lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he mun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

20

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcomme, welcomme, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
If thou wilt sell thy landes so broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

25

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee,
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

30

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a gods-pennie*;
 But for every pounds that John agreed,
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three;

33

He told him the gold upon the board,
 He was right glad his land to winne :
 The land is mine, the gold is thine,
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

40

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood farr off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :
 My sonne when I am gonnes, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

45

But swaere me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'l never spend ;
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

50

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

55

VOL. II. U 4 They
 * i. e. earnest-money : from the French *Denier à Dieu*.

312 ANCIENT SONGS

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they flunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

63

He had never a penay left in his purse,
Never a penay left but three,
The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white monay.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

64

But many a trustie friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care ?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

70

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away ;
Another call'd him thrifles loone,
And bade him sharpeley wend his way.

75

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me !
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

80

To

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a finne :
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world shoule frown on mes,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D A

A WAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere and yowe ;
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
 No halefome breeze here ever blew.

No

314 ANCIENT SONGS

No chair, ne table he mote spye;
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed;
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head. 15

And over it in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see :
 " Ah ! gracieless wretch, hast spent thine al,
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie." 20

" All this my boding mind this gave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :
 " Let it now sheld thy sbule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebake,
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was neare-to draft
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and finne. 25

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 " This is a trusty friend indeed,
 " And is right welcome unto mee." 30

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprung aloft with his bodie :
 When lo ! the cieling burlt in twaine,
 And to the ground I came tumbling hee. 35

Aftonyed

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead;
 At length he looked; and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redde. 40

He took the bille, and lookt it on;
 Strait good comfort found he there:
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three cheifs in fere,

Two were full of the beaten golde; 45
 The third was full of white mony,
 And over them in broad letters
 These words were written so plaine to see.

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
 “ Amend thy life and follies past;
 “ For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 “ That rope must be thy end at last.” 50

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
 And let it be, but if I amend *:
 For here I will make mine avow, 55
 This reade † shall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heire of Linne;
 Away he went with a merry cheare:
 I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
 Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60
 And
 **i. e. unless I amend.* † *i. e. advice, counsel.*

316 ANCIENT SONGS

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked hee ;
There sate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne
To John o' the Scales then louted hee :
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thrifless loone,
Away, away, this may not bee :
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake hee :
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitié.

Away, away, thou thrifless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of me ;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some

A N D B A L L A D S.

317

Some time a good fellow thou haft been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

85

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companee:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

90

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
Now Christ's curse on my head, hee sayd,
But I did lose by that bargaine.

95

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he gave him a gods pennée:
Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monēy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soo shent he cold say never a word.

105

He

318 ANCIENT SONGS

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne. 119
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I me againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Haye thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me;
Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales :
Now welladay ! and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I me but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne ;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee :
When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales he comande to shew.

XII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys's collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intitled, "Le Prince d'amour." 1660. 8vo.

A N old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate
estate,
That kept a brave old houfe at a bounfiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word affwages ;
Hee every quarter paid his old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by
his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and
bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had born many
shrewd blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With a good old fashion, when Christmase was come,
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntſman, and a kennel of hounds,
 That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his owa
 bounds,
 And when he dyed gave every child a thouſand good
 pounds ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest ſon his house and land he affign'd,
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiſull mind,
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
 kind :
 But in the ensuing ditty you ſhall hear how he was in-
 clin'd ;
 Like a young courtier of the king's,
 And the king's young courtier.

Like a flouriſhing young gallant, newly come to his land,
 Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
 And takes up a thouſand pound upon his fathers land,
 And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
 ſtand ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,

or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that doe the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals neer
stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
stone;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
 the meat,
 With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
 Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
 gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold ;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good house-keeping is new grown so
 cold,
 Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

XIII.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING's CAMPAIGNE.

*When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l.* The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the " Scots*

"Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the English
men's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's memoirs.] When they came to
action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine
showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and
among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous lampoon, supposed to have been written by Sir
John Mennis, a wit of those times, is found in a small poetical
miscellany intituled, "Musarum deliciae: or the muses recrea-
tion, containing several pieces of poetique wit. 2d edition.
—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James
Smith.] Lond. 1656. 12mo." —See Wood's Athene. II.
397. 481.

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravado, 5
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book,
Hee'd have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windowes to see
So gallant and warlike a fight-a, 10
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear? 15
Or why should he repent-a?

324 ANCIENT SONGS

The king (God bless him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a :
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 29

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Weart-a ;
 But when there were shaws of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was nothing so peart-a.

For when the Scots army came within fight, 35
 And all prepar'd to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a, 30
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a,
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away, 35
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
 His money, which lately he spent-a,
 But his lost honour must lye still in the dust ;
 At Barwick away it went-a 40

XIV.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

This excellent sonnet which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the house of commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ. Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a volume of his poems intitled, "Lucasta, 1649. 12mo." collated with a copy in the editor's folio MS.

W HEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates,
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertye.

326 A N C I E N T S O N G S

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames, 10

Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;

When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe, 15
Know no such libertie.

When, 'linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing

The mercye, sweetnes, majestye,
And glories of my king, 20

When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone wallz doe not a prison make, 25
Nor iron barres a cage,

Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage :

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free, 30
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

XV. THE

Ver. 10. with woe-allaying themes. MS.

XV.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS,

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such a one wherever the bier of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity) could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For in 1640.. it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins, and Rich. Chaloner, suffered death July 5. 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. II. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross,

328 ANCIENT SONGS

The parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting,
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were fitting.
 They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand,
 But be taken down and carted.

19

15

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
 Were hang'd for long agoe.
 Our parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended,
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended.

20

But neither man, woman, nor child,
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word,
 Against the parliament.
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed,
 In troth I'll take my bible oath,
 It could neither write, nor read.

25

30

The

The committee said, that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know, it might be so,
For to church it never went. 35
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross;
Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood,
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain, 45
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

XVI.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I. Lond. 1668. fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in Westminster Droltery, or a choice collection of . . . songs and poems, 1671. 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
 Your incivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest proof ;
 Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ; 5
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me :
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty : 20
 Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
 Make me no prisoner, but an anchorēt.

I, whilst I wish to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd ;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 35
 The salamander should be burn'd ;
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty ;
 The pelican her wildernes ; 20
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :
 Contentment cannot smart, stoicks we see
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
 I, as my mistres' favours, wear ;
 And for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there :
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high-prized margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight :
 Retirement is a piece of majesty,
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee. 35

Here

332 ANCIENT SONGS

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen ;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in : 40
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife 45
Did only wound him to a cure :
Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oftentimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem ; 50
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him :
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing,
That renders what I have not, mine : 55
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ? 60

Have

Have you not seen the nightingale,
 A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
 How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
 In that her narrow hermitage ?
 Even then her charming melody doth prove,
 That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove. 65

I am that bird, whom they combine
 Thus to deprive of liberty ;
 But though they do my corps confine,
 Yet maugre hate, my soul is free : 70
 And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
 Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
 Although my baser part's immew'd,
 Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
 T' accompany my solitude : 75
 Although rebellion do my body binde,
 My king alone can captivate my minde.

XVII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

“ This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to
 “ prose : Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy said
 “ to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.]
 “ The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are
 “ strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of me-
 “ jestic piety.” Mr. Walpole’s royal and noble authors. vol. I.

It is in his “ Memoirs of the dukes of Hamilton.” p. 379. that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there intitled “ MAJESTY IN MISERY : OR AN
 “ IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.”

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, “ that the truth of
 “ the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression,
 “ renders them very pathetic.” See his hist. 1763. 4th.
 “ vol. 5. p. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.
 —These are the only verses known of Charles’s composition.
 They do not properly fall within the plan of this work, but
 we make the same plea for their insertion, as we did for those
 of his two immediate predecessors.

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
 The potency and power of kings,
 Record the royal woe my suffering fings ;

And

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

5

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

10

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

20

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next

336 ANCIENT SONGS

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25

Pious episcopacy must go down,

They will destroy the croiser and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,

Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,

The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,

The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,

Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed

Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed 35

Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :

With such a bloody method and behaviour

Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb

So many princes legally have come,

Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb. 40

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,

Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :

Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance. 45

With

With my own power my majesty they wound,
 In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond,

With propositions daily they enchant
 My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
 And the Almighty will not let me grant. 50

They promise to erect my royal item,
 To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
 If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
 Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
 I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones,

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
 That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
 To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
 They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
 Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
 Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do. 65

338 ANCIENT SONGS

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH and STATE. 70

XVIII.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSEHOLD-STUFF

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, corrected by another preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684. 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

R Ebbelion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well:
Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will

AND BALLADS.

339

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the fides of the old committees;
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs;
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs;
To blow up the coals of rebellion:
Says old Simon, &c.

16

15

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have confidered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeek higher,
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

20

25

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell unto the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

30

35

Y 2

Here's

Here's the beestom of Reformation,
 Which should have made clean the floor,
 But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
 And left us dirt good stoor. 40
 Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
 Which spun for the ropers trade ?
 But better it had stood still,
 For now it has spun a fair thread,
 Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a very good clyster-pipe,
 Which was made of a butcher's stump,
 And often-times it hath been whip'd,
 After curing the colds of the R.U.M.P.
 Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50
 Which once was a justice of peace,
 Who Noll and the Devil did serve ;
 But now it is come to this.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobaçco, 55
 If any good fellow will take it ;
 No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
 And I'll tell you how they did make it :
 'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
 Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60
 And many of them, that have took't,
 Complain it was foul in the mouth.

Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
 To cure the scab of the nation, 65
 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
 To Rebellion by Innovation.
 A lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scarce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out
 Before they ever were thought on. 70
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great faddle,
 With which it jocky'd the nation ?
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75
 And curb of Disimulation.
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
 And their fair dissembling cloak,
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an Independent smock. 80
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a conscience oft turn'd,
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd ?
 But hell will buy that if the worst is. 85
 Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,

Y 3

With

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her true name was Elizabeth: to the latter part of the verse hangs some tale that is now forgot ten.

With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
 When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
 Says old Simon, &c.

90

Here's the purse of the publique faith ;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
 Says old Simon, &c.

95

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
 And here are his dray, and his slings ;
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles ;
 With diverse other odd things :
 And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye ?
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story.
 Says old Simon, &c.

100

105

XIX. OLD

Ver. 94. See Grey's Hudibras Pt. 1. Cant. 2. ver. 570. &c.
 Ver. 100. 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the
 brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been
 originally a cobler.

XIX.

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestible, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds: the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time, but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth towards the end; and the two last within this present century.

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
 Or from the deepe abyse of hell,
 Mad Tom is come into the world againe
 To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule : 5
 Harke, howe the angrye furyes houle !
 Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
 To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
 To seeke my straggling senses, 10
 In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
 With his pentarchye of tenses :

When me he spyed,
 Away he hyed,
 For time will stay for no man : 15
 In vaine with cryes
 I rent the fkyes,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortles I lye :
 Helpe, oh helpe ! or else a dye ! 20

Harke ! I heare Apollo's teame,
 The carman 'gins to whittle,
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come,

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles, 25
To knocke off my troublesome shackles ;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
Mars met Venus in the darke ; 30
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiously made at the god of war :

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light, 35
He could not see to aim his blowes aright :

Mercury the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell ;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell. 40

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder ;
He dranke whale butts
Till he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder. 45

Poore naked Tom is very drye :
A little drinke for charitye !

Harke,

Harke, I hear Aetrons horne !

The huntmen whoop and hallowe : 50

Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beefe, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga facke 55
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XX.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,
MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor's folio MS.

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college? ;
Boldly I preach, hate a croſſ, hate a ſurplice,
Miters, copes, and rochets;
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel*
 I had my education,
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazel'd my eyes
 With the fight of revelation,
 Boldly I preach, &c.

10

They bound me like a bedlam,
 They lash'd my four poor quarters ;
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure
 To be one of Foxes martyrs,
 Boldly I preach, &c.

15

These injuries I suffer
 Through antichrist's perfwasion ;
 Take off this chain,
 Neither Rome nor Spain
 Can resist my strong invasion.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

20

Of the beasts ten horns (God bless us !)
 I have knock'd off three already ;
 If they let me alone
 I'll leave none :
 But they say I am too heady,
 Boldly I preach, &c.

25

When

* Emmanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

38 ANCIENT SONGS

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 38
I met the great red dragon ;
I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35
There fought I with this monster :
But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40
With the lance of inspiration ;
I made her stink,
And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45
With a flying book * between them.
I have been in despair
Five times a year,
And cur'd by reading Greenham †.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd

* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1.

† See Greenham's works, fol. 1605. particularly the tracta-
titled, "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience."

I observ'd in Perkins tables *
 The black line of damnation ;
 Those crooked veins
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan. 55
 I plac'd my chiefest pleasure :
 Till I prick'd my foot
 With an Hebrew root,
 That I bled beyond all measure.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop †,
 And all the high commission ;
 I gave him no grace,
 But told him to his face
 That he favour'd superstition.
 Boldly I preach, hate a crofs, hate a surplice,
 Miters, copes, and rotchets :
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crotchets.

XXI. T H E.

* See Perkins's works, fol. 1616. vol. 1. p. 11 ; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table declarling the order of the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c." The pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

† Laud.

XXI.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,
MAD SONG THE THIRD,

— is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection : both in black letter.

GRIM king of the ghosts, make hafte,
And bring hither all your train ;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the waine.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms ;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain :
I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again :
But if she prove peevish and proud,
Then, a pise on her love ! let her go ;

10

p. 3

I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

15

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away ;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say :
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now flights me with scorn and disdain ;
I never shall see her more :
Ah ! how shall I bear my pain !

20

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint ;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint :
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure ;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

25

30

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the deserts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high,
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

35

40

When

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When thus I have rav'd a while,
And weary'd myself in vain,
I lie on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain :
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep ;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

45

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread :
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie :
Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover ? I cry.

50

55

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay :
To the elysian shades I post
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

60

XXII. THE

XXII.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEE's comedies of Don Quixote acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty mad woman as 1. sullenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXIV. are printed from D'urfee's "Pills to purge Melancholy." 1719. vol. I.

FROM rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
 Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
 Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice, 5
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 With a frisk from the ground, 10
 I'll trip like any fairy:
 Vol. II. Z As

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As once on Ida dancing
 Were three celestial bodies :
 With an air, and a face,
 And a shape, and a grace,
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddes. 15

Ah ! 'tis in vain ! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain !
 Death and despair must end the mortal pain :
 Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast ; bleak winds in tempests blow ; 20
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow ;
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, and drown 25
 Among the foaming billows ?
 Increasing all with tears I shed,
 On beds of ozone, and chrystral pillows.
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick head ?

? No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad,
 That soon my heart will waste ;
 When once the sense is fled, is fled,
 Love has no power to charm.
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, fly, fly,
 Robes, locks — ~~thus~~ ~~thus~~ before ? 30
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
 Ere thus, thus, in vain, were thus in vain adore.

XXIII.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH.

*From the Hive, a collection of songs. 4 vols. 1724. 12mo
where may be found two or three other MAD SONGS not admitted into this collection.*

I Go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly ;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears ;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

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There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store,
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again. 20

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains !
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow !

Furies, tear me, 25
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below !
Where yelling, and howling.
And grumbling, and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells, 35
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease ! 40

XXIV.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, as well as Num. XXII, was originally sung in one of D'URFEY's comedies of Don Quixote. A circumstance which was not known when p. 343 was printed off.

I Burn, my brain consumes to ashes !
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes !
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire !

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler !
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
 'Tis sultry weather,
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
 But be never the cooler.

5

10

'Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebell,
 From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell ;
 And mourn now my fate,
 Which myself did create :
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well !

15

Adieu ! ye vain transporting joys !
 Off ye vain fantastic toys ! ——
 That dress this face—this body—to allure !
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire !
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire,
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I endure.

20

XXV.

LILLI BURLEO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philipics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us bear a contemporary writer,

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, Lero, lero, liliburero, that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Burnet.

It was written on occasion of the king's nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general; and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations

peculations and their fears. The violencies of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's " Siege of the protestants in " Ireland." 1691, 4to.

LILLIBURLERO is said to have been the watch-word used among the Irish papists in their massacre of the protestants in 1641.

HO ! broder Teague, dōft hear-de decree ?

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie, --

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho ! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote :

Lilli, &c.

And he will cutall de English treate.

Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on, dare side, and Creish, knows what.

Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope, 15

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.

Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilli, &c.

20

And with brave lads is coming aboard :

Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a fware,

Lilli, &c.

Dat dey will have no protestant heir.

Lilli, &c.

25

Ara ! but why does he stay behind ?

Lilli, &c.

Ho ! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

Lilli, &c.

30

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commissions gillore.

Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,

35

Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.

Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,

Lilli, &c.

40

By Cherish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Lilli, &c.

Dare

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,

Lilli, &c.

“ Ireland shall be rul’d by an as, and a dog.” 45

Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

For Talbot’s de dog, and Ja**s is de as.

Lilli, &c.

XXVI.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

— was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, esq; who died March 25, 1754. aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems; published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo.

A. B USK ye, bulk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Bulk ye, bulk ye, my winsome marrow,
Bulk ye, bulk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ? 5
Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,

Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Puing the barks on the Braes of Yarrow.

10

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?

Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen

Puing the barks on the Braes of Yarrow?

15

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,

And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen

Puing the barks on the Braes of Yarrow.

20

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,

Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,

And I hae slain the comliest swain

That eir pu'd barks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?

25

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?

And why you melancholious weids

Hung on the bonny barks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!

30

O 'tis he the comely swain I slew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash,

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

35

Then build, then build, ye fifters, fifters sad,
Ye fifters sad, his tomb with forrow,
And weep around in waeful wife
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useleſs, useleſs shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of forrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve ?
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou met'ſt, and and felſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

50

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,

As

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As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

55

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter ;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lave me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How luv' him upon the banks of Tweed,
That flew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow ?

65

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Now dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

70

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing :
Ah ! wretched me ! I little, little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

75

The

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white reed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

80

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That flew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woe me?

My happy fifters may be, may be proud
With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me:
My luver's blood is on thy spear, 95
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbande lover.

100

But

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But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee! 110
 Yet lye all night between my breasts,
 No youth lye ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my breasts, 115
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

¶. Return, return, O mourful, mourful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
 Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corps in the Braces of Yarrow. 120

XXVII.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

— was written by the ingenious author of LEONIDAS, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22. 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Cartagena, and continued cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollett's hist.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;

There while Vernon sat all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat ;
 And his crews with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet :

5

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells, and shrieks were heard ;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

10

15

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster
 Rising from their watry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

20

25

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost !

25

Tho'

* *The Admiral's ship.*

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears, 59
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ; 35
 These were English captains brave :
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my sailors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told. 40

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright ;
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight :
 Oh ! that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain, 45
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain !

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with fix alone. 50

370. A N C I E N T S O N G S

Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

55

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom, 60
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail ;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish
Think what thousands fell in vain, 70
Wafted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

65

70

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe : 75

Here

Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

80

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request ;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

85

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

A G L O S S A R Y
OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN
VOLUME THE SECOND.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A Deid of nicht. s. p. 93.
in dead of night.
Aboven ous. *above us.*
Advouter, advouterous. *adul-
terous, adulterous.*
Ahte. *ought.*
Al. p. 5. albeit. *although.*
Alemaigne. f. *Germany.*
Alyes. p. 27. *probably corrupted
for algates, always.*
Ancient. *a flag, banner.*
Angel. *a gold coin worth 10 s.*
Ant. *and.*
Apliht. p. 10. al apliht. *quite
complete.*
Argabulhe. *barquebuffe, an old-
fashioned kind of musket.*
Ase. *as.*
Attowre. s. *out over.*
Azein, agein. *against.*

B.

Bairded. s. *bearded.*
Bale, *evil, mischief, misery.*

Below. s. *a nursery term, baby!*
lullaby! &c.
Banning. *curfing.* (in p. 196.
it was baninge in MS.)
Battes. *heavy sticks, clubs.*
Bayard. *a noted blind borse in
the old romances.*
Be. s. *by.* Be that. *by that time.*
Bearn, bairn. s. *child : also,*
human creature.
Bed. p. 9. *bade.*
Bede. p. 17. *offer, engage.*
Befall. p. 65. *befallen.*
Befoir. s. *before.*
Belive. *immediately, presently.*
Ben. p. 11. *be, are.*
Bene. p. 12. *beax, an expression
of contempt.*
Beoth. *be, are.*
Ber the prys. p. 7. *baretbe prize.*
Besprent. *besprinkled.*
Besited. p. 263. *abode.*
Bewraies. *discovers, betrays.*
Bet. *better.* Bett. *did beat.*
Bi mi leautè. *by my loyalty, be-
neth.*
Birk. s. *birch-tree.*
Blent.

Blent. p. 134. *ceased.*
 Blink. s. *a glimpse of light : the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.*
 Boist, boisterin. s. *boast, boastful.*
 Bonny, s. *handsome, comely.*
 Boote, *gain, advantage.*
 Bot. s. *but.* p. 174. *besides, moreover.*
 Bot. s. *without.* Bot dreid. *without dread, i. e. certainly.*
 Bougils. s. *bugle horns.*
 Bowne. *ready.*
 Braes of Yarrow. s. *the billy banks of the river Yarrow.*
 Brade, braid. s. *broad.*
 Braify. s. *bravely.*
 Brayd. s. *arose, hastened.*
 Brayd attwore the bent. s. *hastened over the field.*
 Brede, breadtb. *So-Chauc.*
 Brimme. *publick, universally known.*
 Brok her with winne. *enjoy her with pleasure.*
 Brouch. *an ornamental trinket.*
 Buen, bueth. *been, be, are.*
 Buik. s. *book.*
 Burgens. *buds, young shoots.*
 Busk ye. s. *dresi ye.*
 But. *without.* but let. *without hindrance.*
 But give. s. *but if, unless.*
 Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*
 Byre. *a cow-house.*

C.

Caliver. *a kind of musket.*
 Can curtesye. *know, understand good manners.*
 Cannes. p. 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*

Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-singers, fingers on benches.*
 Cantles, pieces, corners.
 Capul. *a poor borfe.*
 Carpe. *to speak, recite : also, to censure.*
 Carpyn. *reciting.*
 Chayme. p. 60. *Cain.*
 Che. (*Somerset dialect.*) I.
 Cheis. s. *chuse.*
 Cheste. p. 20. *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*
 Chill. (*Som. dial.*) I will.
 Choul. (*ditto.*) I would.
 Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*
 Clattered. *beat so as to rattle.*
 Cleading. s. *cloathing.*
 Clenkyn. *clinking, jingling.*
 Clepe. *call.*
 Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*
 Cokeney. p. 24. *some dill now unknown. See Chaucer.*
 Cold rest. (*a phrase*) *nothing to the purpose.*
 Com. p. 8. *came.*
 Comen of kinde. p. 19. *come of a good breed.*
 Con, can. 'gan. *began.* Item,
 Con springe. *a phrase, sprung.*
 Con fare, *went, passed.*
 Coot. p. 244. (*blazon the*) coat
 Cost. *coast, side.*
 Cotydallye. *daily, every day.*
 Covetise. *covetousness.*
 Could bear. *a phrase for bare.*
 Could creip. s. *crept.* Could say. *said.* Could weip. *s. wept.*
 Could his good, p. 249. *Knew what was good for him ; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*

Couthen,

Couthen. *p. 9.* knew.
 Croft. *an inclosure near a house.*
 Croiz. *cross.*
 Crouneth. *p. 8.* crown ye.
 Crumpling. *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*
 Cule. *s. cool.*
 Cummer. *s. gossip, friend, fr. Commercere, compere.*
 Cure. *care, heed, regard.*

D.

Dale. *s. deal. p. 68.* but give I dale. usef's I deal.
 Dampned, damned.
 Darh. *p. 10. perhaps for Thar, there,*
 Darr'd. *s. bit,*
 Dart the trie. *s. bit the tree.*
 Daukin. *diminutive of Daniel: or perhaps the same as Dobkin.*
 Daunger halt. *coyneſ boldeth.*
 Deare day. *charming, pleasant day.*
 Dede is do. *p. 30. deed is done.*
 Deerlye dight. *richly fitted out.*
 Deimt. *s. deem'd, esteem'd.*
 Deir. *s. dear. Item: burt, trou-ble, disturb.*
 Dele. *deal.*
 Deme, deemed, judge, doomed.
 Dent. *p. 17. a dint, blow.*
 Deol. *dole, grief.*
 Dere, deere. *dear: aljo, burt.*
 Derked. *darkened.*
 Dern. *s. secret. p. 68. I' dern. in secret.*
 Devyz. *devise, the act of be-queathing by will.*
 Deze, deye. *die.*
 Dight; dicht. *s. decked, dressed,*

prepared, fitted out, done, made.
 Dyht. *p. 10. to dispose, order.*
 Dill. *still, calm, mitigate.*
 Dol. *see Deol, Dule.*
 Doughtiness of dent. *sturdiness of blows.*
 Drake. *p. 19.*
 Drie. *s. suffer.*
 Drowe. *drew.*
 Dryng. *drink.*
 Dude. *did.*
 Dule. *s. duel, dol, dole, grief.*
 Dyce. *s. dice, chequer work.*
 Dyne. *s. p. 90. dinner.*

E.

Eard. *s. earth.*
 Eikd. *s. p. 70. added, enlarged.*
 Elvish. *peevish:—fantastical.*
 Ene. *s. eyn. eyes.* Ene. *s. even.*
 Ensue. *follow.*
 Entendement. *f. understand.*
 Ententify. *to the entent, pur- posely.*
 Er, ere. *before.* Ere. *ear.*
 Ettled, *aimed.*

F.

Fader: Fatheris. *s. father; fa-ther's.*
 Fadge. *s. a thick loaf of bread: figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.*
 Fair of feir. *s. of a fair and healthful look, Ramsey. Rather, far off (free from) fear.*
 Falsing. *dealing in falsehood.*
 Fannes. *p. 21. instruments for winnowing corn.*
 Fare. *go, pass, travel.*

Fare.

Fare. *the price of a passage*: p. 78. *abuſively, ſhot, reckoning*.
 Faſt; faucht. s. *fought*. Item fight.
 Feil. s. p. 71. *bave failed*.
 Fell. p. 15. *furious*. p. 21. *skin*.
 Fend. *defend*.
 Fere. *fear*. Item *companion, wife*.
 Ferlet. s. *wondered*.
 Ferly. *wonder; also, wonderful*.
 Fey. s. *predefinited to death, or some misfortune: under a fatality*.
 Fie. s. *beaſts, cattle*.
 Firth, Firth. s. *a wood*.
 Fitt. *diuiſion, part. See the end of this Glosſary*.
 Fleyke, p. 129. *a large kind of burdeſt*.
 Flowan. s. *flowing*.
 Fond. *contrive: also, endeavour, try*.
 Force. p. 154. *no force. no matter*.
 Forced. *regarded, beeded*.
 Forefend. *avert, binder*.
 For fought. p. 21. *through fighting: or perhaps for-fought, over-fought*.
 Forwatcht. *over-watched, kept awake*.
 Fors. p. 12. *I do no fors. I don't care*.
 Forſt. p. 62. *beeded, regarded*.
 Fowkin. *a cant word for a fart*.
 Fox't. *drunk*.
 Frae thay begin. p. 68. *from their beginning: from the time they begin*.
 Freers, fryars. *friars, monks*.
 Freake, freke, freyke. *man, human creature*.

Freyke. p. 130. *bumour, indulge freakiſly, capriciouſly*.
 Freyned. *asked*.
 Frie. s. *fre, free*.

G.

Ga, gais. s. *go, goes*.
 Gadlings. *gadders, idle fellows*.
 Galliard. *a ſprightly kind of dance*.
 Gayed. *madegay (their cloaſths)*.
 Gear, gair. s. *goods, effects, fluff*.
 Geere will ſway. p. 188. *this matter will turn out: affair terminate*.
 Gederede ys hofſt. *gathered his hofſt*.
 Gef, geve. *give*.
 Geſt. p. 266. *act,feat, ſtory, biftory. (It is Geſt in MS.)*
 Gie, gien, s. *give, given*.
 Gillore. *(Irish.) plenty*.
 Gimp, jimp. s. *neat, ſlender*.
 Girt. s. *pierced. Throughgirt. p. 64. pierced through*.
 Give. s. *giff, if*.
 Glaive f. *sword*.
 Glie. s. *glee. merriment, joy*.
 Glift. s. *glifted*.
 Gode, godneſſ. *good, goodness*.
 God before. p. 75. *a form of bleſſing*.
 Good. p. 75. *ſc. a good deal*.
 Gorget. *the drefs of the neck*.
 Gowen. s. *the common yellow crowfoot, or goldcup*.
 Graithed (gowden), s. *was ca- parifoned with gold*.
 Gree. f. *prize, victory*.
 Greened. *grew green*.
 Gret. p. 9. *great, p. 8. grieved, forry*.
 A a 4

Grippel.

Grippel. *gripling*, *tenacious, miserly*.

Grownes grounds. *p. 237 (rhytb-mi gratia. (Vid. Sowne.)*

Growte. *In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small-beer, extract-ed from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.*

Grype. *a griffin.*

Gurd. *p. 18. girded, lafbed, &c.*

Gybe. *jeſt, joke.*

Gyles. *s. guiles.*

Gyn. *engine, contrivance.*

Gyſe. *s. guife, form, fashion.*

H.

Ha. *have. ha. s. ball.*

Habbe, aſe he brew. *p. 4. have, as be brews.*

Haggis. *s. a ſheep's ſtomach, fluff'd with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*

Hail, hale, *s. wbole, altogether.*

Halt. *boldeth.*

Hame, hamward. *home, home-ward.*

Han. *have. 3. perf. plur.*

Hare. *s. fwerdes. p. 4. their . . . swords.*

Harniſne. *barneſt, armour.*

Harrowed. *barraged, disturbed.*

Hav. *have.*

Haves (of) *p. 16. effeſts, ſub-ſtance, riches.*

Hawkin. *i. e. Hobkin, diminutive of Robert: unless it may rather be thought ſynonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.*

He. *p. 21. bie, baſten.*

Hede *p. 17. bied. p. 8. be'd, be would. p. 35. beed.*

Hed. *head.*

Hearc, here. *p. 62. hair.*

Heil. *s. hele, health.*

Hecht to lay thee law. *s. pro-mised, engaged to lay thee low.*

Heicht. *s. bright.*

Heid-ing-hill, *s. the 'beading [i. e. bebeading] bill. The place of execution was occi-ently an artificial hillock.*

Helen, *beal.*

Helpeth. *help ye.*

Hern. *them.*

Henne. *bence.*

Hent, hente. *held, laid hold of; alſo, received.*

Her. *p. 17. 23. 28. their.*

Here. *p. 5. their. p. 58. bear. p. 37. hair.*

Herkneth. *bearken ye.*

Hert, hart; hertis. *heart; hearts.*

Hes. *s. has.*

Het. *hot.*

Hether. *s. beatb, a low ſcrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choke the graſs; to prevent which the inhabitants ſet whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble ſimile in p. 99.*

Heuch. *s. a rock or ſteep bill.*

Hevede, hevedeſt. *had, hadeſt.*

Heveriche, *hevenriche. bea-venly.*

Heyze. *bigb. Heyd. s. bied.*

Hicht, a-hicht. *s. on beight.*

Hie dames to wail. *s. p. 97. bigh [or, great] ladies to wail; Or, baſten ladies to wail, &c.*

Hight.

Hight. *promised, engaged: also, named.*

Hilt. *taken off, flead. Sax. hyl-ban.*

Hinch-boys. *pages of honour, men that went on foot attending on persons in office.*

Hinny. *s. bony.*

Hit. *it, hit be write. p. 8. it be written.*

Holden. *held.*

Holtis hair. *s. bear bills.*

Holy-roode, *holy croft.*

Honden wryngc. *bands wring.*

Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and halting.*

Houzle. *give the sacrament.*

Howeres, *hovers. hours.*

Huerte. *heart.*

Hye, hyest. *bigb, bighest.*

Hynd attowre. *s. behind, over, or about.*

Hys. bis; *also, is.*

Hyt, hytt. *it.*

Hyznes. *bigbness.*

I.

Janglers. *talkative persons, tell-tales.*

I-lore, hof. *I-strike. stricken.*

I-trowe. *[I believe,] verily.*

I-wisse. *[I know,] verily.*

Ich. I. *Ich biqueth. I bequeath.*

Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*

Ilk: *this ilk. s. this same.*

Ilke. *p. 18. every ilke. every one.*

Inowe. *enough.*

Into. *s. in.*

Jo. *s. sweet-heart, friend.*

loo, *p. 20. should probably be loo, i. e. baloo!*

Is. *p. 4. bis.*

Ise. *a. I shall.*

Its neir. *s. p. 91. It shall ne'er.*

Jupe. *s. p. 97. an upper garment, fr. a petticoat.*

K.

Keipand. *s. keeping.*

Kempes. *soldiers, warriours.*

Kend. *s. knew.*

Kene. *keen.*

Keynd. *s. p. 67. If this is "kind:" then in the next ver. we should probably read bauld and free. Or perhaps keynd is corrupt for kem'd, combed, dressed out; or ken'd, known, proved.*

Kid, *kithed. made known, shown.*

Kind, kinde. *nature. p. 15. To carpe is our kind. it is natural for us to talk of.*

Kith and kin. *acquaintance and kindred.*

Kye. *kine, cows.*

Kyrtel, *kirtle. petticoat.*

Kythe. *appear; also, make appear, shew, declare.*

Kythed. *p. 308. appeared.*

L.

Layd unto her. *p. 248. imputed to her.*

Laffle. *leſſ.*

Layne. *lien: also, laid.*

Leek. *p. 63. phrase of contempt.*

Leil. *s. loyal, honest, true.*

Leiman, leman. *lover, mistress.*

Leir. *s. lere. lern.*

Lenger.

Lenger. *longer.*
 Length in. p. 264. *refideth in.*
 Lett, latte. *binder.* p. 21. *slaken,*
leave off.
 Lever. *rather.*
 Leves and bowes. p. 36. *leaves*
and boughs.
 Leuch, leugh, s. *laugbed.*
 Leyke, like. p. *lay.* p. 130, 266.
 Lie. s. lee. p. 101. *field, plain.*
 Liege-men. *vassals, subjects.*
 Lightly. *easily.*
 Lire. p. 270. *fleſh, complexion.*
 Lodlyc. *loathſome.*
 Loo. *haloo!*
 Lore. *lesson, doctrine, learning.*
 Lore. *loft.*
 Lorrel. *a sorry, worthless per-*
son.
 Losel. *ditto.*
 Loud and flill. *pbr. at all times.*
 Lought; lowe. *laughed.*
 Lowns. s. p. 94. *blazes.*
 Lowte, lout. *bow, stoop.*
 Lude, luid, luivt. s. *loved.*
 Luiks. s. *looks.*
 Lyard, nimble. p. 19. *probably*
the name of ſome noted horſe
in the old romances.
 Lys, lies.
 Lythe. p. 163. *easy, gentle.*
 Lyven na more. *live no more,*
no longer.

M.

Maden. *made.*
 Making. p. 45. *sc. verses; ver-*
ſifying.
 Marrow. s. *equal.*
 Mart. s. *marred, burt, damag-*
ed.

Mane, maining. s. *moan, moan-*
ing.
 Mangonel. *an engine used for*
discharging great ſtones before
the invention of gunpowder.
 Margarite. *a pearl. lat.*
 Maugre. p. 4. *ſpite of.* p. 68.
ill-will (lineur).
 Me. p. 9. *men.* Mo con. *men'gan.*
 Me-thuncheth. *metbinks.*
 Meane. *moderate, middle-fixed.*
 Meit. s. *meet, fit, proper.*
 Meid. s. p. 97. *mood.*
 Meife. s. *ſoſten, reduce, miti-*
gate. p. 100.
 Mell. *honey. Lat. Mol.*
 Mense the faucht. s. *measure the*
battle. To give to menie, i.e.
to give above the meaſure.
 Twelve and one to the menie,
is common with children in
their play. p. 96.
 Menzie. s. *meaney. retinue, com-*
pany.
 Messager. f. *messenger.*
 Mirke. s. *dark, black.*
 Mirry. s. *meri. merry.*
 Miskaryed. *mifcarried.*
 Mister. s. *to need.*
 Mo, moe. *more.*
 Moiening. *by means of. fr.*
 Mome. *a dull, ſtupid perſon.*
 Mone. *moon.*
 More, mure. s. *moor, marshy*
ground.
 Mores. *bills.* p. 4. *mores ant*
the fenne. q. d. bill and dale.
 Morne. p. 68. *the morn. on the*
morrow: in the morning.
 Mornyng. p. 44. *mourning.*
 Mote I thee. *might I thrive.*
 Mowe.

Mowe. may.

Muchele boſt. mickle boſt,
great boſt.

Mude. s. mood.

Mulne. mill.

Murne, murnt, murning. s.
mourn, mourned, mourning.

Myzt ; myzty. might ; mighty.

N.

Natheles. nevertheless.

Neat. oxen, cows, large cattle.

Neatherd. a keeper of cattle.

Neatresse. a female ditto.

Neir. s. ner, nere. ne'er, never.

**Nere. p. 264. ne were ; were it
not for.**

Neſt ; nyeft. next ; neareſt.

**Noble. a gold coin in value 20
groats, or 6s. 8d.**

Nom. p. 8. took. Nome. name.

Non. none. None. noon.

**Nonce. purpose. for the nonce.
for the occasion.**

Norlan. s. northern.

Norſe. s. Norway.

Nou. now.

**Nout : nocht. s. nougħt : alſo,
not. Nout. p. 10. seems for
'ne mought.'**

Nowght. nougħt.

Nowls. noddles, beads.

O.

Ocht. s. ought.

**Oferlyng. ſuperior, paramount ;
opposed to underling.**

On. p. 44. one, an.

On-loſte. p. 18. aloft.

Or. ere, before.

Orifons. s. prayers. f. oraisons.

**Ou, oure. p. 7. you, your. ibid.
our.**

Out alas ! exclamation of grief.

Owene : awen, ain. s. own.

P.

**Pardè, perdie. verily. f. par
diu.**

Pees, pefe. peace.

Pele. a baker's peel.

**Pentarchye of tenſes. five ten-
ſes.**

Perchmine. f. parchment.

Per fay. s. verily. f. par foy.

Perkin. diminutive of Peter.

Perſit. s. pearced. pierced.

Petye. pity.

Peyn. pain.

**Pibrochs. s. Highland war-
tunes.**

**Pilch. p. 20. a veftment made of
ſkins.**

Playand. s. playing.

Plett. s. platted.

Plowmell. p. 2.

**Poll-cat. a cant word for a
whore.**

Powlls. polh, beads.

Preſt. f. ready.

Prieſe. p. 78. prove.

Prove. p. 41. proof.

Prude. p. 4. pride.

Puing. s. pulling.

Purchased. p. 12. procured.

Puryayed. provided.

Q.

Quat. s. quitted.

**Quaint. p. 222. cunning. p. 239.
nice. p. . fantastical.**

Quel. p. 130. cruel, murdorous.

Quilletts,

Quillet. <i>quibbles.</i> l. <i>quidlibet.</i>	Saisede. <i>seized.</i>
Quyle. s. <i>wibile.</i>	Say, p. 27. <i>assay, attempt.</i>
Quyt. s. <i>quite.</i>	Scant. <i>scarce.</i>
Qwyknit. s. <i>quickend, restored to life.</i>	Schaw. s. <i>bow.</i>
R.	
Rae. <i>a roe.</i>	Schene. s. <i>sheen : shining ; its brightness.</i>
Raik. s. <i>to go apace.</i> Raik on raw. <i>go fast in a row.</i>	Schiples. s. <i>shipleſt.</i>
Raught. <i>reached, gained, obtained.</i>	Scho. s. <i>she.</i>
Rea'me. <i>realm.</i>	Schuke. s. <i>shook.</i>
Rede, reddē. p. 9. <i>read.</i>	Sciat. <i>state : p. 12. little table-book of states to write upon.</i>
Rede, read. p. 30. <i>advise, advice.</i>	Scot. <i>tax, revenue. p. 5. a year's tax of the kingdom.</i>
Redressē. p. 64. <i>care, labour.</i>	Se ; sene ; seying. <i>see ; seen ; seeing.</i>
Refe, reve, reeve. <i>bailliſt.</i>	See, fees. s. <i>sea, seas.</i>
Reid. s. <i>advise.</i>	Sely, feely. <i>ſilly, fimpie.</i>
Remeid. s. <i>remedy.</i>	Selven. <i>ſett.</i>
Rescous. <i>rescues.</i>	Selver, filer. <i>ſilver.</i>
Reve. p. 19. <i>bereave, deprive.</i>	Sen. s. <i>face.</i>
Revers. s. <i>robbers, pirates, robbers.</i>	Senvy. <i>mustard-seed. f. fenvie.</i>
Rew. s. <i>take pity.</i>	Seve. p. 268. <i>ſeven.</i>
Rife. p. 265. <i>shoot, bush, shrub.</i>	Sey yow. p. 11. <i>ſay to, tell you.</i>
Rive. p. 268. <i>riſe, abounding.</i>	Seyd. s. <i>ſaw.</i>
Roodloft, <i>the place in the church where the images were set up.</i>	Shave, p. 62. <i>be shave. been ſhaven.</i>
Rudd. <i>ruddiness ; complexion.</i>	Sheeve. <i>a great ſlice or luncheon of bread. p. 238.</i>
Rude. s. <i>rood, croſt.</i>	Shimmer'd. <i>glittered.</i>
Ruek bones. p. 18. <i>bones diversly coloured. f. riolé, query.</i>	Shirt of male. <i>coat of mail.</i>
Rugged. p. 23. <i>pulled with violence.</i>	Sho. s. <i>ſhe.</i>
Rushy. s. p. 71. <i>ſhould be rashy hair, rushy fluff ; ground covered with rushes.</i>	Shope. p. 261. <i>betook me, ſhaped my courſe.</i>
Ruthe. p. 41. <i>pity. p. 203. woe.</i>	Shorte. s. <i>ſhorten.</i>
Rywe. <i>rue.</i>	Shrive. <i>confefs. Item, bear confeſſion.</i>
S.	
Saif. s. <i>ſave.</i> Savely. <i>ſafely.</i>	Shynand. s. <i>ſhining.</i>
Sitteth	
	Shurting. <i>recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Garw. Dougl. Glos.</i>
	Shunted. <i>ſhunned.</i>
	Sich, sic. s. <i>ſuch.</i> Sich. s. <i>ſigb.</i>
	Side. s. p. 270. <i>long.</i>
	Sindle. s. <i>ſeldom.</i>

Sitteth. *sit ye.*
 Six-mens song. *p. 24. a song for six voices.*
 Skaith, scath-harm, mischief.
 Skalk. *p. 129.*
 Skinker. one that serves drink.
 Skinkled. *s. glittered.*
 Skomfit. *discomfit.*
 Skot. *foot, reckoning.*
 Slattered. *sit, broke into splinters.*
 Sie, flea, fley, flo. *slay.*
 Sonde. *a present.*
 Sone, soon. *p. 9. son. p. sun.*
 Sonn. *p. 265. sun.*
 Soth, feoth. *truth; also, true.*
 Soothly. *truly.*
 Seulung. *p. 238. visualling.*
 Sowle is still used in the north
 for anything eaten with bread.
 A.S. Suple. *Supol. Job. 21. 5.*
 Sowne. *sound. p. 46. (rhythm gr.)*
 Spec. spak, spack. *s. spake.*
 Spence. *expence.*
 Spilt. *s. spoilt.*
 Spole. *shoulder. f. espaulle. p. 190.*
 it seems to mean "arm-pit."
 Stalwart. *stout.*
 Startopes. *bukins worn by rustics, laced down before.*
 Stead, stede. *place.*
 Steir. *s. stir.*
 Stel. *steel. steilly s. steely.*
 Stound. *time. a sound, a-while.*

Stoup of weir. *s. pillar of war.*
 Strike. *p. 12. stricken.*
 Stra, strae. *s. straw.*
 Suthe, Iwith. *soon, quickly.*
 Suore bi ys chyn. *sworn by his chin.*
 Sware, swearing, oath.
 Swa, Ia. *so.*
 Swarwe, swarved. *climbed.*
 Swaird. *the grassy surface of the ground.*
 Swearde, swerd. *sword.*
 Swevens. *dreams.*
 Swipping. *p. 21. striking fast.*
 Swipples. *p. 21.*
 Swinkers. *labourers.*
 Swyving. *woboring.*
 Syke. *hgh.*
 Syn. *since. Syne. s. then.*
 Syshemell. *p. 60. Iohmael.*
 Syth. *since.*

T.

Take. *p. 25. taken.*
 Taken. *s. p. 100. token, figm.*
 Targa *target, shield.*
 Te. to. *te make. p. 3. to make.*
 Te he! *interjection of laughing.*
 Tent. *s. beed.*
 Terry. *perhaps diminutive of Theodore.*
 Tha. *p. 22. them. Thab. though.*
 Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there.*
 The. *thee.*

* So Shakespear uses, THREE MAN SONG-MEN in his Winter's Tale. A. 3. sc. 3. to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of these sort are Weelkes's madrigals mentioned above in p. 170. A learned friend doubts whether the original phrase was not SIX-MUNS SONG, &c. MUN signifies Mouth in all the northern dialects, and is still so used in the north of England. But Shakesp. has THREE-MAN BEETLE. i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. 4. A. 1. sc. 3.

The

The God. *p. 24.* *seems contract-
ed for* The he. *i. d. big God.*

V.

Thii. *p. 268.* *they.*

Thi sone. *p. 9.* *thy son.*

Thilke. *this.*

Thir towmonds. *s. these twelve
months.*

Tho. *then.* *p. 32.* *those.*

Thole; tholed. *suffer; suffered.*

Thouft. *thou shalt, or shouldest.*

Thrang. *s. strong.*

Thrawis. *s. throes.*

Thritti thousand. *thirty thousand.*

Thrie. *s. thre. three.*

Thrif. *thrive.*

Thruck, throuch. *s. through.*

Thud. *p. 100.* *noise of a fall.*

Tibbe. *diminutive of Tabitha:
or perhaps invertedly for Bidde,
diminutive of Bridget.*

Tift. *s. puff of wind.*

Tild down. *p. 266.* *pitched. qu.*

Till. *s. to. p. 16.* *when. query.*

Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy.*

Tint. *s. loft.*

Too-fall. *s. twilight.*

Traiterie. *s. treason.*

Trie. *s. tre. tree.*

Trichard. *treacherous.* *f. tri-
cheur.*

Trifthen. *trick, deceive.*

Trough, trouth, troth.

Trow. *think, believe.*

Trumped. *p. 16.* *perhaps tramp-
ed. trampled.*

Trump. *p. 21.*

Tuke gude keip. *s. kept a close
eye upon her.*

Turnes a crab. *sc. at the fire:
rafts a crab.*

Twirtle. *twift.* *s. p. 93.* *thu-
roughly twisted: "twisted,"
or "twirled twist," f. tortillè.*

Vair. *Somersetsh. dialect. fair.*

Valziant. *s. valiant.*

Vazem. *Som. perhaps, faith.*

Uch. *each.*

Vive. *p. 268.* *Som. free.*

Unbethought. *bethought.*

Uncertain. *s. p. 67.* *doubtful. or
perhaps, in certain, i. e. for
certain.*

Unmusit. *s. undisturbed, un-
confounded. perh. unmuvit.*

Unsonie. *s. unlucky, unfortu-
nate.*

Vriers. *Som. friers. p. 277.* (*it
is Vicars in PCC.*)

Uthers. *s. others.*

W.

Wa. *s. p. 88.* *way. p. 172.* *wall.*

Waine. *waggon.*

Wallowit. *s. faded, withered.*

Wame. *s. womb.*

Wan neir. *s. drew near.*

Wanrufe. *s. uneasy.*

War ant wys. *wary and wise.*

Ward. *s. watch, sentinel.*

Warke. *s. work.*

Ward. *s. world.*

Waryd. *s. accursed.*

Wate. *s. weete, wete, wit,
witte, wot, wote, wotte.
know.*

Wesle, weel, weil, wele, *s. well.*

Wet. *s. wet.*

Weid. *s. wede, weed. cloaths,
clothing.*

We it. *s. p. 92.* *with it.*

Weldynge. *ruling.*

Weind.

Weind. s. wende, went, weende.
 wened, thought.

Wene; weneſt. *ween*; *weeneſt*.
Wend, wenden. *go.*

Wende. *went.* p. 9. *wendeth.*
 goeth.

Wer. *were.*

Wereth. p. 263. *defendeth.*

Werre: *weir.* s. *war.* *Waris.*
 s. war's.

Wes. *was.*

Westlin. s. *western.*

Wheder. p. 30. *whither.*

Whelyng. *wheling.*

Whig. *four wibey, or butter-*
 milk.

Wildings. *wild apples.*

Wirke wiſſier. *work more wiſely.*

Wilpes and kixes. p. 23. *wibif-*
 pes and kexes.

Wifs; *wifſt. know; knew.*

Withouten. *without.*

Wobſter. s. *webſter. weaver.*

Wode-ward. p. 37. *towards the*
 wood.

Woe worth. *woe be to [thee.]*

Won. *wont, usage.*

Wonder. p. 270. *wonderfully.*

Wote, wot, know. *I wote. verily*

Worſhipfully frēnded. p. 249. *of*
 worſhipful friends.

Wreake. *purſue revengefully.*

Wreuch. s. *wretchedneſſe.*

Wrouzt. *wrought.*

Wynnen. *win, gain.*

Wiffe. p. 8. *direct. govern,*
 take care of. A. S. *pifian:*

Y.

Y. I. *Y syng. I ſing.*

Yae. s. *each.*

Y beare; *Y-boren. beare; borne.*
 ſo Y founde. found. Y-mad.
 made. Y-wonne. won.

Y-core. *chosen.*

Y-wis. [*I know*] *verily.*

Y-zote. *molten, melted.*

Yalping. s. *yelping.*

Ycholde, yef. *I ſhould, if.*

Yearded. p. 267.

Yede, yode. *went.*

Yfere. *together.*

Yf. *if.*

Yll, *ill.*

Yn. *bouſe, home.*

Ys. p. 10. *is.* p. 4. *bis.* p. 8. *in vs.*

Z.

Zacring bell. *Som. Sacring bell.*
 a little bell rung to give no-
 tice of the elevation of the
 host. (It is Zeering in PCC.)

Zee : *zeene. Som. ſee : ſeen.*

Zef. yef. *if.*

Zeirs. s. *years.*

Zeime. *take care of.* A. S.
 geman.

Zent. *through.* A. S. *zeomb.*

Zetrene. s. *yeſter-e'en.*

Zit. s. *zet. yet.*

Zoud. s. *you'd, you would.*

Zule. s. *yule. christmas.*

Zung. s. *young.*

P O S T - S C R I P T.

Since page 154 was printed off, reasons have offered,
which lead us to think that the word **FIT**, originally
ſignified

signified “a poetic strain, *verse*,” or “*poem*”; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon Writers. Thus *K. Alfred* in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, *Dare wifrom tha thaer fitte aruagen hefde*, p. 65. i.e. “*When wiðom bad sung theſe [FITTS] verſes.*” And in the *Proem.* to the same book *Fon on fitte*, “*Put into [FITTS] verſe.*” So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feond on fitte*, seems to mean “*composed a song*,” or “*poem*.”

Spenser has used the same word to denote “*a strain of music*”: see his poem, *COLIN Clouts come home again*, where he says, *The Shepherd of the ocean [Str Walt. Raleigb]*

Provoked me to play some pleasant *FIT*,

And when he heard the musick which I made

He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

Various instances will be found in the next volume. See the *Glos.*

THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



The Notes referred to Vol. 2.^d pag. 24

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro patria

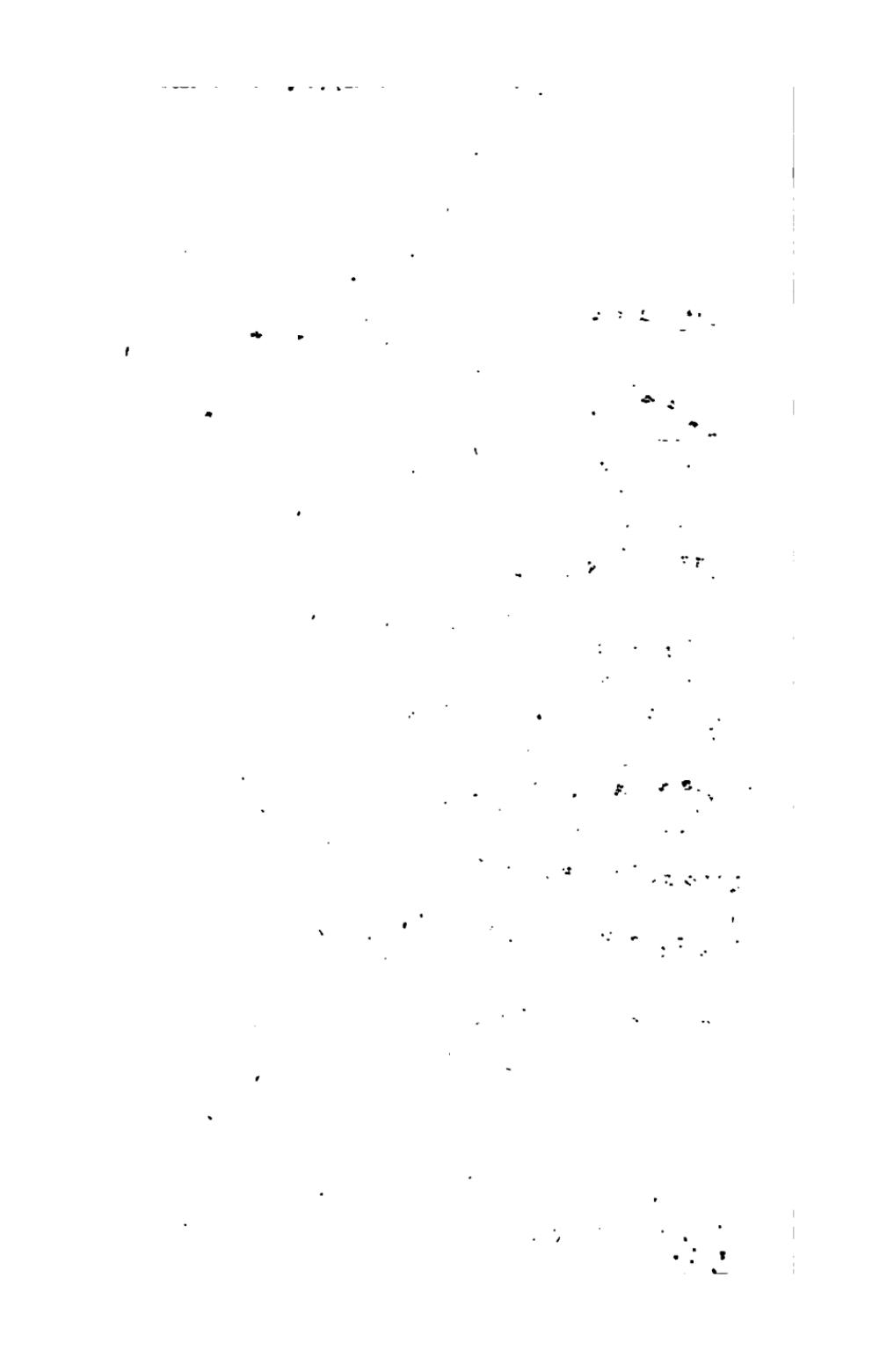
Owr Kyng went forth to Normandy with grace and

myst of Chyvaly, the God for hym wroust marvelously

Wherfore Englonde may call and cry, *Deo Gratias.*

Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Patria.

To come in at the End of Vol. 2.^d



TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

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TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M.A.,

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.



